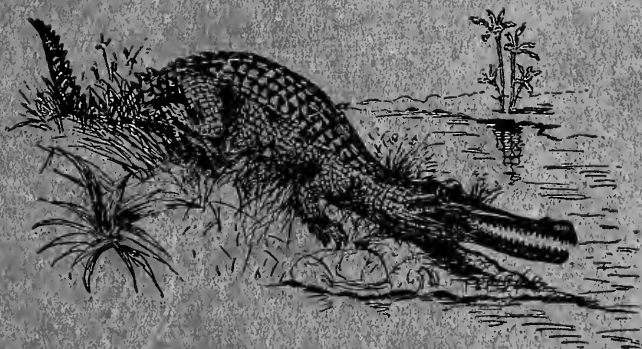


Dad's Letters on a World Journey

BERT WILSON





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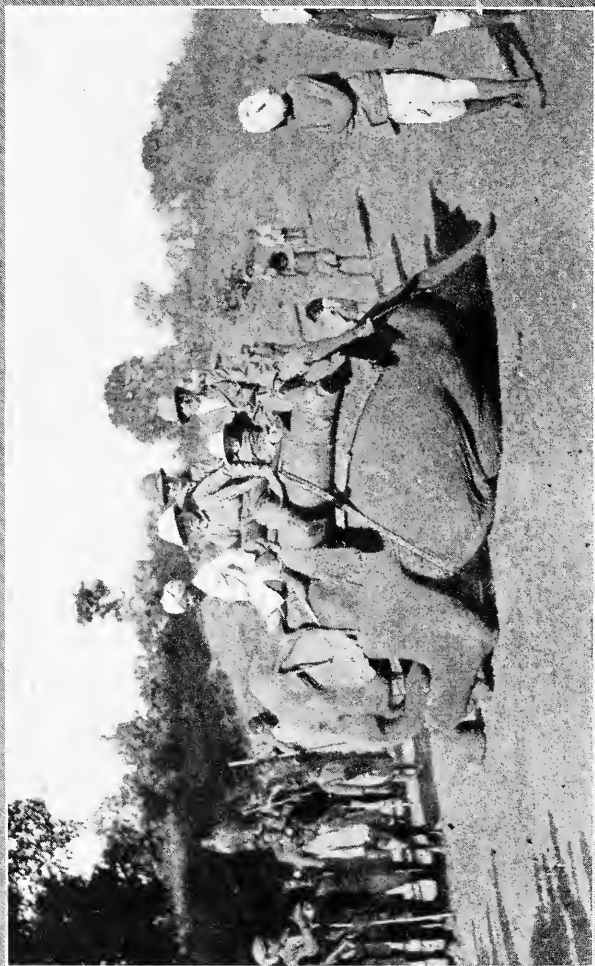
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Off to the Jungle

Dad's Letters
on a
World Journey



BERT WILSON



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THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

To all American boys and girls who are willing to reach out across the world with a neighborly handclasp, to the boys and girls of every land, whenever and wherever a "fellow needs a friend."

CONTENTS



| | PAGE |
|---|------------|
| A Landlubber at Sea..... | 11 to 22 |
| Yokohoma to Calcutta..... | 25 to 62 |
| Three Months with the Missionaries..... | 65 to 130 |
| A Week in the Jungle..... | 133 to 162 |
| On the Globe Trotter's Trail..... | 165 to 184 |
| From Bombay to Belgrade..... | 187 to 235 |
| The Home Stretch..... | 239 to 257 |

INDEX TO ILLUSTRATIONS



From Photographs taken by Mr. Wilson



| | PAGE |
|--|--------------|
| Off to the Jungle..... | Frontispiece |
| Sunder and Her Friend..... | 96 |
| Mr. Wideawake Caught at Last..... | 128 |
| The Boys at Damoh Have Exercises Every Morning.... | 144 |
| "The Boys Began Making Their Little Huts"..... | 160 |
| On the Road to Damoh..... | 192 |
| The Religious Festival at Bandakpur..... | 240 |



APOLOGY



I returned last summer from a nine months' trip around the world, including a full five months' stay in India. I had notes and part manuscript ready for a much needed missionary volume on India. This is not that volume. Its preparation has been deferred by the removal of office and home from Cincinnati to St. Louis.

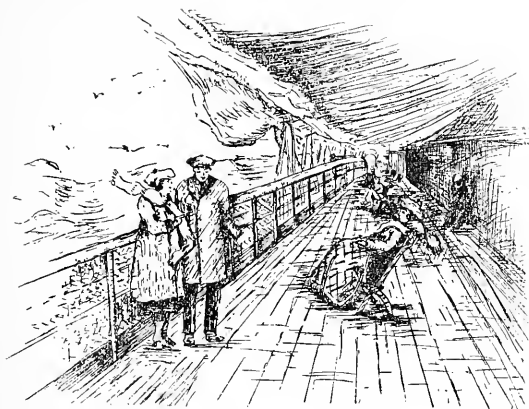
In the meantime some of my friends who had read parts of my travel letters to my children thought them, although not written for publication, of sufficient general interest to be published. Others of my friends doubted the wisdom of such a volume on the ground that it would not be primarily a missionary volume. Like the school teacher who was prepared to teach that the world was either flat or round as the case required, I agree with both views.

It is true that this can scarcely be considered a missionary volume at all. But they are the real letters of a "Dad" who was trying to write the things of interest from week to week to a wide awake bunch of growing youngsters, who according to their mother devoured them eagerly, and whose interest in the strange peoples of the world was not lessened, because there was the touch of adventure and the thrill of the jungle mixed in.

If they are a fair sample of the average family, then this little volume may find a welcome around many a fireside. If it does not, this is my apology. If it does, this is also my apology for not releasing it sooner.

BERT WILSON.





A LANDLUBBER AT SEA



A LANDLUBBER AT SEA

September 18.

Dear Star:

This is the first day out in the real Pacific but the second day of the journey. I am still going good without any signs of sea-sickness. The fog horn kept blowing all night long and I heard it most of the time. We had a good breakfast, but I don't like the cooking very well. They don't seem to know how to cook eggs and make coffee.

We are out of sight of land. It looks queer to see nothing but water, water everywhere. The boat keeps up a continual rocking. It climbs up over the waves and goes down again, and then repeats the process over and over.

This morning in order to keep up a good appetite, I made twenty trips around the deck. Mr. Holt and I stepped it and found that it takes twenty trips to make a mile, so we have made several miles today.

September 19.

Let this day be forgotten and remembered no more forever!

September 20.

Dear Roma:

I did about seven miles yesterday on the deck. They call it getting your sea legs. The boat rocks and rolls over the waves, never stopping. You wobble around when you try to walk, and your brain unconsciously tries to hold the ship straight in the waves. It sort of pulls down on the top of your head, but I am getting now so I can let go and pay no attention to it. There are a lot of sick folks on board, but most of them are getting better. The air in the state rooms is not very good, especially when they close the port holes to scrub the decks. One old girl opened the port hole after the boy had closed it. When they scrubbed, the water splashed in and spoiled her good dress. The word passed quickly all over the ship and now the ladies don't open the port holes! We are all like a lot of whales, we come up out of these stuffy old state rooms for air.

The ocean is very wonderful. It roars, and frets, and raves ceaselessly. Up and down, down and up, over and down, and then all over again, no rest, no let up, never a minute when the boat and the ocean are not raring at and fighting each other. This ship ploughs right into the big waves as well as the little ones, day and night, no stops, just on and on and on. No land in sight, just horizon of water and mist everywhere. I think we owe quite a debt to Columbus, for if those sailors were like some of the people on

A LANDLUBBER AT SEA

board here, no wonder they wanted to turn back. I saw a great flock of sea gulls yesterday.

September 21.

My Dear Lenore:

Yesterday was very stormy. We ran into the equinoctial storm and believe me, sister, she was some storm. The waves about sundown were dashing twenty or thirty feet high, and the Monteagle was riding them like a cowboy on a bucking broncho. Once the front end dived down so deep that the propeller cleared the water. It shook the whole boat.

All night long I could feel the boat rocking over those great angry restless waves. But today it is very nice, not much breeze, except the regular ocean wind, and the sun is shining, the first real sun we have had on the trip. The sky is clear and the ocean is as blue as the sky. The sun shining down on it makes it look like a sea of glass.

This boat is a regular moving city. It is a train—folks going from one station to another. It is a sleeping car—plenty of old stuffy state rooms. It is an athletic field—we play shuffle board, deck quoits—horse shoes made out of rope, hockey, and several other games. It's a freight train—they have a thousand tons of freight on board. It is a public library—quite a large number of volumes. It's a laundry—you can get work done fairly well. It's a restaurant—the boy will bring you an apple or soup, grapes or other

food up on deck. There are several other things that it is—but there is one thing that it *is not*, it is not home. No good home cooking, no trees in the yard, no quiet rest, no good sleeping rooms.

There are nearly a thousand people on board including employees. Nearly two hundred men are employed at the various tasks.

I heard a Spanish conundrum today: What is it that is full of meat in the day time and is empty at night with its mouth wide open? A shoe.

September 22.

My dear Violet:

Today it is stormy again. When we came down to meals we found that there were board racks on the table to keep the dishes from sliding off when the boat tosses over the high waves.

A French nurse is the stewardess of the ship. She was talking to some of us last night about how nice the homes were in France. She said: "In America there is no home life. When night comes the children all want to go down town to the picture show. But in France as soon as the lights are on, all the children come in the house and have a nice time with all the family together." I guess she has only seen one type of American home.

It takes about a thousand tons of coal to take this ship across. They burn fifty or sixty tons every day.

Daddy, still on the go.

A LANDLUBBER AT SEA

September 23.

My dear Beth:

There is a little boy on board who had a birthday on Sunday. Yesterday he was playing on the deck with a tennis ball. He was trying to make it jump under his legs like you girls do. He gave it a hard bounce on the deck and it went overboard and fell in the water. We could see it jumping around on the waves, but there was no way for him to get it, so it is out somewhere on the ocean all alone.

I have read two books already and have started on another. The sea gulls are still following us. Sometimes they light on the waves, sit there and rest awhile, then fly around and up and over and back of the boat continually. If anyone throws a banana peel out on the water, they pounce down on it to see if it is good to eat. They are looking for something to be thrown away all the time.

Here's something interesting: They carry seven hundred tons of fresh water on this boat, to cook with, to drink, and to use in their engines. You see they can't use the salt water in their big engines. There are two large engines, and both of them work without stopping day or night. Twenty-four Chinese boys fire these engines. Six working at a time, taking turns. They are called stokers. Then there are several tenders who bring the coal up to the firemen, and four boys, called greasers, who do nothing but oil the engines. Your Daddy.

DAD'S LETTERS ON A WORLD JOURNEY

September 25.

My Dear Elaine:

Now that you are going to school I will ask you some questions. How many legs has your Daddy? Two? No, that is not right. He has four legs, two *land* legs and two *sea* legs. He has grown those two sea legs since he left home. I need my sea legs again today for they know how to act when the boat "dips the dips" as she is doing now. The air is great. It is cool and I have had my overcoat and sweater on every day since I left land.

There is a place on this boat that they call the "crow's nest." It is in the front part of the ship on a high mast. It is where the man called the "lookout" stays. He goes up there for two hours and keeps a sharp lookout ahead for any danger, then he comes down and another man goes up for two hours. They keep that up day and night.

There is a rope about two blocks long tied on the back of the ship with a sort of rudder-like thing tied on the end of it that revolves in the water. Then there is a little machine on it, where it is fastened to the boat, like a speedometer on an automobile, that tells how fast the boat is going per hour.

September 26.

Lost. This is the day we crossed the 180° meridian and lost a day. We went to bed Thursday night and when we woke up it was Saturday

A LANDLUBBER AT SEA

morning. We have been turning our watches back a half hour or twenty-four minutes, or twenty-nine minutes every day. But now that we have lost a day, we will have to turn our watches back twenty-four hours and twenty-four minutes!

September 27.

Dearest little Arlene:

We are near a long string of islands called the Aleutian Islands. It has been so stormy that we have only caught one short glimpse of them through the mists. But we saw the most beautiful white parrots this morning. They are great big fellows and fly in front and on the sides of the boat, but never behind. The sea gulls seem always to fly behind. One big white parrot went with us for several miles this afternoon, and sometimes he would come very close. They are called Aleutian parrots.

It has been snowing up in the islands and while it has not snowed here at the boat, it is very cold.

I am reading again Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn." If you girls have not read that book you must get it out of the library and read it. It is the first real touch of the United States that I have had on board. I have had to laugh dozens of times reading it.

Say, Jodie dear, whom do you think I saw today? When I went back into my room after breakfast I saw the cunningest little girl sitting

in my room. I said to her, "Who are you?" And she said, "Don't you know who I am?" I said: "You look just like a little girl that sits up on my cellar door and doesn't want to have her picture taken." And then she said, "That's who I am. I am that little girl and I am sitting on your cellar door." When I looked more closely I saw it was you, sure enough, out here on the ocean sitting on the cellar door, and Star in a swing, and Violet lying down on the ocean reading, and Mamma and Lenore and Roma standing out by a tree in the ocean, and the rest of the kids too. Then I found that the fairy Graflex had made all my family come out here with me. Isn't that a nice story?

Daddy.

September 29.

Would you like to know some of my new vocabulary?

Boy. Name for any Chinaman who is an employee on the ship. Room boy, deck boy, bath boy, messenger boy, lookout boy, etc. Boy do this, boy do that, even though some of these chaps are forty years old.

Bow. Short o. The front end of the ship.

Stern. The rear end of the ship.

Fore. Any place forward on the ship from where you happen to be.

Aft. Any place rearward on the ship from where you happen to be.

Star Board Side. The right hand side as you face the bow.

Port Side. The left hand side as you face the bow.

Bridge. A little bridge just over the bow about twelve feet long. We can go up there on a nice day and watch the boat cut the waves. Only two nice days thus far.

Log. The little rope and speedometer on the rear of the ship to measure the speed.

Log. The record book where all the records, reports of the ship are kept, including longitude, latitude, miles traveled each day and all other necessary items of information.

Quarter Master's Deck. The deck above the main deck where an officer is on duty day and night. It is up towards the bow, and is the part of the ship that every employee salutes when he comes on board.

Crow's Nest. The little place on the front mast where the lookout stays.

Lookout. The man who stays in the crow's nest and looks ahead for rocks, vessels, and any other danger.

Steerage. The deck below where the third class passengers stay. The first class passengers are not allowed to go down there nor see the steerage but we smell it every day. There is no rule against that. Only Asiatics travel in the steerage.

Hold. The baggage room two stories down where we go to get our trunks.

DAD'S LETTERS ON A WORLD JOURNEY

Steward. Man who has entire charge of the kitchen and dining room, food, etc.

Stewardess. Woman who is nurse and chief assistant to the ship doctor.

Tea. The afternoon time, four thirty, when we drink tea and eat cakes. The tea is always too strong and the coffee is too thin.

Beg Pardon? The word everyone uses when he doesn't understand, and wants you to repeat what you said. They sort of bark it at you.

Purser. The cashier and bookkeeper of the boat.

Dining Saloon. Just the plain dining room, It is raining again today but not so gloomy and foggy. It is interesting to see the raindrops patter down on the water. It looks like little fishes jumping up out of the water.

October 1.

Dearest Girls:

DING-DING-DING-DING!! A sharp bell rings out and you see Chinamen hurrying and scurrying and chattering like monkeys. Here they come carrying big boxes of beef on their shoulders, and others carrying great cans of dog biscuits as large as a garbage can—that is the cans are, not the biscuits. Others have sprung to the life boats, and are standing at attention, the boxes and cans are set down in order and their carriers are at attention. It is the fire alarm, for inspection only. When the gong sounded to go back to work one Chinaman

grabbed up his garbage can in a hurry, bumped it on his shoulder so hard that the lid flew off and out rolled a dozen dog biscuits. They are big hard crackers about four inches in diameter and an inch thick. We grabbed one up and shot it for a shuffle board.

LOOK-LOOK-LOOK!! Off about a quarter of a mile on the port side an old whale is blowing his sperm high in the air. At last I have seen one. He was too far off to see well, only the top of his back now and then, but we could see the water go spraying up in the air ten or fifteen feet high. It was a great sight.

LOOK! This way! Quick! Off to the starboard is a fine school of porpoises, about twenty of them, and they are having a high old time. The cry rang out while I was shaving this morning, and out of the port hole I could see them splendidly. They are about four or five feet long, and we could see three or four of them jump out of the water at the same time. The curve of their bodies is like the curve of the body of a salmon trying to go up over the falls in a stream.

ZOOM-ZOOM. The morning inspection of the ship is about to take place. The captain and his chief officers meet in the parlor to start. They come to the dining room where the boys are lined up and the head waiter salutes them, and they go nosing around to see if the tables are in order, the silverware polished, floor clean, etc. They pass to the kitchen where the head cook meets them, salutes, and then escorts them

through. They go up on the promenade deck where the deck steward meets them, salutes, and they take a look all over the deck. They go to the head "room boy" and take a turn looking over the rooms to see that they are properly kept. They go to the engine rooms where the chief engineer meets them, salutes, and they inspect the engines. And so it goes over the whole ship two or three times a week.

We had a new kind of breakfast food this morning. It is *pumalo*. It is very much like a grapefruit, except larger, and the meaty part not quite so tart and juicy, but sweeter. They serve it by peeling back the outer skin, then separating the sections. Each person is supposed to take about two sections, when really he wants four!

The sea is wonderful today. Hardly a breeze. It is as calm as the Ohio when we went up to Coney Island. It is like a crying, feverish child that has thrown itself and worried and fretted for many nights and then the fever going down, it sleeps quietly and peacefully upon its mother's breast. It is such a comfort to have just plain peaceful sailing.

My appetite is doing wonders, and if this keeps up I will let out my belt about day after tomorrow.

Dad Wilson.



YOKOHOMA TO CALCUTTA



YOKOHOMA TO CALCUTTA

Tokyo, October 7.

Dear Girls:

This morning Miss Bertha Clawson showed me through the Girls' School. It is the one that Mr. R. A. Long gave the money for, you remember. It is quite a wonderful school. There are about one hundred girls, a number of them living in the dormitory. There is not a chair, nor a bed, nor any piece of furniture in the rooms, except a little low study table just high enough for them to study on, sitting on their heels. They sit on a little thin sofa cushion to study. The mattresses for their beds are put away in the closet. One girl brought out her bed and sheets and thick covers and showed me just how it was done. They all have the thick clean heavy matting. Every morning the matron goes into all the rooms to see that they are kept neat, and it would be a fine lesson for a certain double quartet I know to see how scrupulously clean they keep their own rooms.

The little dining room has one piece of furniture, and that is the little low table. At the entrance of the school there is a large box or basket where they leave their wooden shoes. Many

of the girls leave them on the floor at the entrance, and it is a wonder to me how they ever tell them apart. They say they can tell them apart by the feel of them.

At the kindergarten building everything is so nice and well arranged, and in Japanese style. There were about thirty-five little kiddies dressed in their pretty bright kimonos. They all leave their little wooden shoes at the door the same as the older ones. They bowed to me and smiled in their polite Japanese way.

Miss Parker's domestic science building is great. They have one room where they teach how all the things should be properly served. Then a guest room where they teach how to serve a meal, or serve an afternoon tea, etc. Then another room where they are taught how to serve a "foreign" or American meal. Here they have American dishes, knives and forks, etc. The kitchen is a beauty.

In each building there is a teacher's retiring room. It is the room where they go for the ten minutes between classes. It is nicely kept and has a complete tea set, including the little charcoal burner to heat the tea on. They go there and have tea between every class. When you see the little wooden cups I am sending you, you will know that they will not get too much tea even if they do take it several times a day.

"I'm hungry" Dad.

YOKOHOMA TO CALCUTTA

Osaka, October 8.

My Darling Kiddies:

Well, the ride on the Japanese train was not a huge success. The upper was too short for me, so I had to fix my body in the shape of the letter Z. When I got tired and had to turn over, I had to straighten out my Z, turn him over, and then bend him back again.

At Osaka they have a very fine Institute. We had a conference of the workers there, about twelve altogether, and after my talk to them, they served little cakes and tea. One fine old Japanese teacher made me an address of welcome. At five o'clock, they had their chapel for the girls, and I spoke to them. At seven o'clock they had the chapel for boys. There were three hundred boys present, and I made another speech to them. They were very attentive. In all I made seven speeches in Japan, all through an interpreter.

In the afternoon, Mr. Erskine took me through the famous Tennoji Temple. I had dinner at Robinson's and supper at Erskine's, and had cooked chestnuts again. I had a good deal of fun with the kiddies, four in each family. They seemed to have a good time after I got them jarred loose from being scared.

And now for a lesson on Japanese courtesy. At the Sunday morning communion service, the pastor bows when he hands the plates to the deacons, and the deacons bow when they take them. At each row of seats the deacons bow and

the members bow when they take the loaf and the cup. When they return with the plates and hand them to the minister, he bows and they bow. When they pass the collection plates the minister bows again as he hands them the plates and they bow as they receive them, and the same series of bows goes on as they are passed. If a man does not wish to put anything in, he makes a bow to the deacon and the deacon passes on.

When I was introduced to some of them, they bowed two or three times, and so did I. When I got up to speak, I made a bow and the whole audience bowed to me in return. When I had finished I bowed and they bowed. If a man meets a friend on the street, he takes off his hat and bows two or three times and the other one does the same. A man came to the train to see a friend and they bowed three or four times, and when the train pulled out they each made two or three bows.

In the stores the clerks bow when you go up to the counter, they bow when you pay, and bow when they give you back the change. When the school boys meet Mr. McCoy on the streets down town they take off their hats and bow. McCoy's twelve year old boy took me down to the Hongo church and we met one of the school boys and he took off his hat and bowed to the McCoy boy. The girls bow to Miss Clawson.

Mr. Erskine took me to a very famous maker of porcelain ware, a man who has won prizes at several World's Fairs. When we went

YOKOHOMA TO CALCUTTA

in they put little cloth slippers on over our shoes, and we went up stairs. The proprietor bowed and soon the maid came with some tea and cakes, and we ate while they brought us out some very, very, beautiful pieces. Some plates and little bowls were \$25.00 each. I think it is the finest work of that kind I have ever seen. If mother had been with me I know she would have deserted me at that shop, for the dishes were so pretty! They were all so high priced that I could not afford to buy any of them. But when we left he bowed just the same and gave me his card and invited me back sometime.

Even the old priest at the temple bowed when we asked him a few questions about the worship. It is a polite land, and I like it.

October 9.

Dear Girls:

I had another night ride on a Japanese train. This time I had what they call a "double lower," and had plenty of room. The trains are fairly good, only they have just one wash room and toilet for both men and women. I got up early and shaved before the rest were ready.

I passed through a lovely country all day Thursday. The folks were all busy. It is the time of the rice harvest and almost every available acre of ground is planted to rice except what they use for their gardens and orchards. Men and women were in the rice fields cutting it with grass knives like the one we cut grass

DAD'S LETTERS ON A WORLD JOURNEY

with in the yard. Think of the work it must take to cut the crop all by hand for a land of 60,000,-000 people. Usually the women were out with the men helping hang it up to dry and cure.

October 10.

Moji—Aboard the Monteagle

Ladies Wilson:

It seemed rather good to get back to the boat and see the folks again. I have two new cabin mates, both Englishmen. One of them has a Chinese valet. In the morning the valet comes in to help him dress. The valet hands him his shirt, his socks, and his shoes and collar. When he gets ready to comb his hair the Chinaman hands him his bottle of hair tonic, and then puts the bottle away, and hands him his comb and brush. Helps him on with his coat and vest, and when the old chap goes out, the boy picks up all his things.

All night long the coolies were coaling the boat. They brought out big barges of coal in their sail boats, came alongside, formed lines up the ladder and filled little baskets and passed them up the side from one to another, and dumped them in the big bin.

October 11.

Dearest Eight:

Tomorrow we land in Shanghai, and I will set foot for the first time on the soil of China. This morning as soon as breakfast was over,

some one raised the cry of "whale." On the star board side there were two big fellows sporting around as quietly as you please. They would go under for a minute, then come out and blow water in the air. Soon we saw another a little closer in and within a half hour we had seen ten or fifteen. They seemed to be taking their morning baths.

The sea has now become a sort of yellow color. The Yangste pours its yellow dirty water into the sea day after day until it is colored this far out. It must be some river to do such a big job. But then I have heard that the Congo does the same thing, and I presume that if it is permitted in Africa, it should be allowed in China also.

In one of the meetings in Japan, a new missionary called upon a man to lead in prayer. He was not a member and did not know how to pray, so he said to her, "Please excuse me, for I do not perform."

This is the 11th and I have had no news of the World Series except the first game. In Tokyo I went to the newspaper office and climbed three stories. The editor opened all of his new cable messages for me but he did not have further news.

October 14.

One Day Out of Shanghai.

Dearest Kiddies:

How do you think I was awakened this morning? Just as I opened the tail end of my

brain I heard a rooster crowing. I thought I was a boy again on the farm, and I could imagine the green fields and the cows and horses, and the barn full of hay, and the granaries full of corn and wheat. I thought I would get up and go out and milk the cows and do the chores before breakfast. Just then someone called. It was the Chinese boy saying, "Tea is ready, Sir." I was not on the farm at all, but away out on the China Sea, and a Chinaman was bringing me tea and toast to be eaten in bed two hours before breakfast. I wanted to go out and hunt up the rooster and take off my hat to him for at least giving me that good dream of the farm, even if it did not prove to be real.

Our little coast steamer is doing very well. The name of it is the "Kwongsang." We are staying in sight of land nearly all the way. If you get out your geography you can follow me down the east coast of China from Shanghai to Hongkong. We are now going South—South-west. They have a direction, "west-south-west," and another, "south-west by west" which is a little more west than "west-south-west." We are now in the good clear ocean water again, so tomorrow we can have our salt water baths. There is no danger of running out of water, as no company has a meter on the Pacific.

We had a wonderful sunset last night. What could be more beautiful than a sunset in the China Sea! The sun went down behind a small thin cloud. When it was about a third down, it

was like a great ball of fire. The atmosphere was such that all the glare was taken away and you could look it squarely in the face. The ball of fire and the cloud seemed to reflect perfectly on the western horizon. The whole west was a wonderful golden glow. Farther up in the sky it sort of faded out into a mellow kalsomine gold, but at the horizon and close up to the sun it was the richest yellow imaginable. It seemed that some great painter with an ocean full of golden paint had dipped his brush into the wonderful color, and lavishly but most artistically painted a perfect sunset for these humble folks of the far east. Off to the side of the sun were several very small clouds just a little in the background. They seemed like little Chinese cloud assistants, who were there to hand the brushes to the wonderful artist. It seemed that these poor folks out here are denied so many of the finest and best things of life, that the Lord is making a little of it up to them in sunsets.

October 15.

The rooster crowed again this morning and I could hear the sheep bleating for their breakfast, and the chatter of the Chinese in the steerage. Those sheep have rather intelligent looking faces, and long Roman noses that make them look quite distinguished.

I read a new book yesterday, out of a small library of the second officer. His library is very interesting, for most of the books are brand new to me. I did not know there were such books.

Here are some of their titles: "The Law of Storms," Strong's "Nautical Tables," "Sailor's Pocket Book," "Oliver's Shipping Law Manual," "Practical Seamanship," "Davis' Star Azimuth Tables," "Ship Owners and Masters."

I have discovered how they feed the coolies in the steerage. They have what they call a "checker," a Chinaman who arranges them in groups of five. Then the Chinese waiters pass around five bowls and five little crock spoons and five pairs of chopsticks. They bring out a large basket of rice, holding a gallon or more. The Chinamen make no move. Soon another waiter brings out a tray with four or five large bowls on it which contain some chopped up vegetables, pieces of fish and chicken, and other Chinese trimmings. When that fellow appears, they begin to smile and chatter. He sets the tray on the floor, and they all gather around it. The first thing they do is to take their little spoons and dip rice out of the big basket, filling their bowls full. Then they grab their chop sticks and sail in. They start out by taking a big mouthful of rice, then they dip in the other bowls and pick up small pieces of fish with their chopsticks. They lay this on the top of their rice and pitch it with a big helping of rice into their gaping hungry mouths. They eat and chatter until rice, fish and everything else is gone. They get plenty of it, such as it is, and seem to relish it as much as we do our food in the first class cabins, but with much less formality.

October 16.

Dearest Eight.

We tied up last night about five at a town named Swatow. The ship had a lot of cargo to unload. Swatow is famous all over China for its drawn work and laces. Men came on board with big grips full of the nicest table covers, doilies, handkerchiefs, sideboard covers, etc. They are great traders out here in the east and none of them have "one price only." They will ask you a certain price and expect you to offer them about half that much. I know if you had been here you would have broken me up in business. I could not resist buying just one piece, and I know you will like it very much. The material is the best quality and is called grass cloth, and very much resembles Chinese silk. It is supposed to be very durable and can be laundered without hurting it. I understand there is no other place in China where they make this kind of material, so you can show this to your friends with some degree of pride.

Swatow is also famous for what they call the Swatow bear. I walked up town last night, and right on the shore, in the main part of town I saw two great big fellows with several little ones. There were people all around them, but they did not seem to pay any attention. Two big brown fellows had crawled up on the stern of one of those small fishing boats, and were leisurely taking their evening bath. They would take water out of a big bucket with their front paws

DAD'S LETTERS ON A WORLD JOURNEY

and throw it over their bodies, rubbing as if they really enjoyed it. They took up the bucket in their front paws and poured water over their shoulders and backs. When they stood up on their hind legs, they were about as tall as I am. Finally when they had finished bathing, they took an old dirty towel, dried their bodies, then put on a sort of breech cloth, and went on shore, disappearing in the crowd. It's all a matter of spelling, these are spelled "bare."

Poor old China! How she needs everything! Disorganized, inefficient, dirty, ignorant, distrusted, unsanitary, victims of poor ancestors, what a mass of conglomerate humanity it is! The church has the whole job before it here. Christianity must not only get these folks to join the church, but must clean up these meat shops, and these dirty restaurants, and put covers on their vegetables; in fact clean up most everything about their whole lives, or else the nation some of these days will die of dirt. It seems to me that absolutely everything is yet to be done in China.

Yours at sea,

Dad.

Hong Kong, October 23.

Dear Star:

Dr. Hardy and I were invited to dinner by a Chinese family. Dr. Jew Hawk was educated in America. I used to hear about him when I was

younger but had never met him. He is now practicing medicine in Hong Kong.

When we went out on the street, the son called the sedan chair men, and they came swarming up to us like bees. He told us to get in, and soon we had a long procession of six chairs going up the steep hill, with my chair behind the others because I was so heavy. We arrived at their home on "breezy point," a very beautiful point overlooking the harbor.

The dining room was as wide as ours, but longer, with a nice big long table. They had some of the daintiest little Chinese flowers on the table, in the Chineseiest little vases imaginable. There is a daughter Macy, about twenty-four, a son about twenty, and the father and mother. They all speak fairly good English. The wife and girl have straight black hair, but kept in nice neat fashion. They were dressed in their Chinese costumes, a blouse and trousers, both made of some fine silk material, which looked very pretty.

The dinner was great, all served in American style. There were seven courses.

First Course: Salad, tomatoes, lettuce, eggs, small pieces of very tender white fish, and dressing, all mixed up. Good.

Second Course: Noodle soup. Nice and thick, small pieces of toast scattered on top.

Third Course: Mutton chops, potato chips, peas.

DAD'S LETTERS ON A WORLD JOURNEY

Fourth Course: Boiled chicken and gravy, mashed potatoes, and asparagus. Very good.

Fifth Course: Cake, peaches and cream, tea.

Sixth Course: Fruit. Bananas, and persimmons. Yum-yum.

Seventh Course: Nuts. English walnuts and peanuts.

At the end of the last course, the two boys who waited on the table brought hot towels, and stood by our chairs with them. They are to wipe the hands with, and, if desired, the face. In hot weather, they use them on the face. They were nice and clean and perfumed.

Macy is a fine bright intelligent girl, well educated and I could wish for you no better companions and friends than girls as refined and ladylike, and full of life as she.

They are going on what they call a "walking picnic" on Saturday afternoon. They have invited us to go along.

Dear Roma and Lenore:

Instead of getting you a pony to keep in the "garage," I have decided to get you a jinricksha and a coolie to take you around. We could feed the coolie cheaper than we could feed the pony. There are five modes of travel here in Hongkong. Walking, automobile—only a few, street car—called the "tram," two stories high; the sedan chair, and the jinricksha. Nearly everybody who wants to ride takes a jinricksha, if they are down on level ground, or a chair if they want

to go up the hill. The chairmen and the ricksha men are on every corner and about three times in between. You can catch one of them much quicker than a Cincinnati car. In fact, if you even look in their direction they come running to you.

When it rains, they have a cover for the chairs which is removed in good weather, as it lightens the load. The rickshas also have a little top like a buggy that can be put up in case of rain. When it rains, the men put on a wide bamboo hat, the original merry widow hat, and a grass coat. They look like sheaves of grain going up the streets with those grass coats on.

Yesterday I went down town to get a pair of colored glasses to wear on sunshiny days on the sea. I will need them from here on. I went in one store and they did not have what I wanted, so I started on and pretty soon I became conscious that I was being followed. I went on and after while I looked out of the corner of my eye and saw a Chinese boy about twenty-five following me. I went into another store, but did not buy. When I came out he saluted me, and I thought perhaps he was going to shoot me or do something dreadful. He told me that down the street was a store that was cheaper, where I could get good glasses, and that he would show me. Well, the fact was that he was my guide. He had nominated himself, voted for himself, and officially confirmed his own appointment to be my guide. That seems to be a very ordinary

thing out here, for a man to show up who has been your guide for several blocks and you knew nothing about it. Those fellows can talk some English, and if you go into a place and buy, the store keeper gives them a small commission for having directed you there, which usually they did not.

They have a queer way here of taking home meat from the market. They have small grass strings, and a man will buy a fish, tie a string around it and go up the street with his fish unwrapped hanging from the end of the string. I have seen them carrying small pieces of meat that way, the liver and gizzard of a chicken, a few vegetables, and even two or three bananas. This is the fishiest town you ever saw. The men and women go out early in the morning into the harbor and catch their fish, then take them to the market. The fish markets here are many times more numerous than the Kroger stores are in Cincinnati. From the docks clear up through town, there are fifty-seven different varieties of fish-smell alone, let alone all the other smells.

On every street there are little youngsters carrying their baby sisters on their backs. All have straight black braids of hair. Some of them are very cunning. Sometimes as I go along the street, the boys your size and younger look up at me with a good deal of awe. When I see some of them looking that way, I wink at them. Then they think I am a real human being, and you

ought to see them smile. There is one fellow who recognizes me every time I go down town.

How I wish I could take you girls with me around this town! We could certainly have a fine time. There is only one place in town where ice cream can be bought, and it's a poor excuse for ice cream at that.

Oh, yes, I must tell you about my bed. Do you remember that Chinese bridechamber up at Columbus? Well, mine is nearly like that. There are four high posts, one on each corner, as tall as I am. There is a double canopy or layer of mosquito net over the top. Then draped down on all four sides are long mosquito bars reaching to the floor. At night the boy comes in and tucks them up under the matting so that when I crawl in bed not a bug or mosquito could ever get inside.

October 26.

Dear Violet and Beth:

Now I must tell you about our "walking picnic," with my new Chinese friends. It was to be a trip up the mountains back of Hongkong. We all took jinrickshas out to the edge of town where the road began up the side of the mountain. We had along three boys to carry the "chow."

We began to climb the long slope, and wind round and round the steep paths that kept getting higher and higher up the mountain side. There were eighteen of us altogether, about half

Chinese and half American and English. There was one English girl who wore a white middy with red trimmings. She was born here, and is very dark, but has a lovely English accent. She and I got to be real good chums. I told her all about Star and the rest of you girls. Her name is Constance, but her real name is "Connie." Dr. Hardy got two men with a sedan chair to carry Billy and Molly over the mountain.

Mrs. Jew Hawk, and her daughter Macy, were the life of the crowd. Away up the mountain side we came to the first reservoir, which furnishes water for the city. The English have built a winding road which is very good, so we kept on until we came to the top of the first range. Then we started down that slope, on the other side.

Part way down the slope, we found a nice spot and spread out our lunch. There were sandwiches, cheese, bananas, pears, two roast ducks, cooked a la Chinese with their necks, bills and heads on. Mrs. Jew Hawk started to carve one, and I volunteered to carve the other. Mine was rather tough and with not a very sharp knife, I got his head and neck in the sandy road. I thought the neck was so tough and had so much skin on it that it would not matter, as no one would eat it anyway. Imagine my surprise, when they passed it around, to see one of the Chinese men pick it out from the other good pieces, and go after it in hearty

fashion. He said he liked to suck the bones in the neck.

They had lemon soda in bottles, and candy for sweets to top it all off with. We were all hungry, and everybody ate heartily. After a little rest we started on, as it was then nearing five o'clock. We climbed to the top of the second mountain. By the time we had reached the crossing point it was sundown, and we had the long slope to go down on the other side. The whole west was a wonderful golden glow. It was about three miles down the hill, and by this time Connie's Aunt had grown very tired and had to take her shoes off and walk in her stocking feet. To be gallant I had to offer her my shoes, and very much to my satisfaction, she thought she could go it better without them.

By the time we got two miles down, it had grown very dark. When we went through the places where the trees touched, overhanging the road it looked like a dark tunnel. As we were going through one of those places, Mrs. Jew Hawk called out, "What if a lion or some pirates jump out at us." They all laughed to keep up their courage. For the last half mile Mrs. J. H. was very tired, also Connie, so I told them to hold on to my arms. They hung on pretty heavily and I carried my Graflex in front of me with both hands.

About eight o'clock we reached the bottom of the mountain. A street car runs around the mountain. On one side was the harbor, with all

kinds of ships coming and going, on the other side the houses and buildings up the hill side all lighted up. It made a wonderful sight. I would not have missed that trip for a good deal. It gave me a new idea of the attitude the Chinese take toward their children. They were all so happy, and so congenial. They really know how to have a good picnic, with all the best things in it, and none of the bad.

Dad.

October 31, Aboard S. S. Kumsang.

Dear Youngsters:

We are three days out of Hongkong, and going good. The boat is a very much smaller one than the Monteagle, and the smell is different. Each boat has its distinctive smell. If a tree is known by its fruits, these boats are known by their smells.

We made three hundred and fifty miles yesterday. We have traveled nearly straight south. We reach Singapore, our first stop, sometime Sunday afternoon. Get out a map, and you will see that Singapore is only about one and a half degrees north of the equator.

The captain of this ship is a typical Englishman; he is a jolly old fellow, about sixty, who has been a sailor for forty-four years. He has not been to England for six years, to see his wife, and he says they have not parted either. He has a cat named Thomas Henry. He calls out every morning: "Thomas Henry, where are

you?" Accent on the *hen* fairly strong, and on the *ry* stronger, and with a rising inflection suddenly chopped off.

I bought a Saturday Evening Post in Hong-kong. It cost me twenty cents, so you see the high cost of living is international.

Dear Girls:

Here is the story of Thomas Henry, The Cat.

Once upon a time in the year 1919, there lived a big black cat. This cat had a long black tail of which it was very proud. It had white on all four of its feet. The white feet looked as if they were little booties. Under its neck was a big white spot just the shape of a heart. Its eyes were a sort of whitish green, and it had long white whiskers. The name of this cat was Thomas Henry.

Thomas Henry walked one day up the streets of a town called Singapore, all alone. The cat was very lonely and did not have a single friend in all that city. All the other cats and dogs seemed to be grouchy. As Thomas Henry walked along the street, a whistle on an incoming ship blew a long soothing blast.

The cat made its way carefully through the crowded streets, dodging in and out among the jinrickshas as it went. Finally it came to the wharf. There, right in front, was a great steam ship just settling along the docks. In a moment, a long ladder called a gangway was let down,

and people began to get off. Thomas Henry decided that he would find out what kind of a looking place a ship was.

So, when no one seemed to be looking, Thomas scrambled up the gangway in a hurry. For awhile he prowled around in the baggage room. Everything was hurry and skurry down there. Then he tried the steerage room, but it did not smell very good to the aristocratic cat. So Thomas Henry ascended the stairway to the upper deck. Everything was nice and clean up there. The cat decided then and there that this should be home, so he gave a quick look at the officers and picked out the man that he wanted as master.

With a friendly look in his eye, he walked up to this man and gave a "meow." No answer. He brushed up against the man's leg and gave another "meow."

"Well, upon my word," said the man, "here is my cat." Man and cat had never seen each other before, but it was a case of love at first sight. The man was the Captain of the ship, and his wife and family were living in England. He had a lonely feeling the same as the cat, so at once the two became fast friends.

"Now," said the Captain, "what shall I call my new cat? I know what I'll call him. His name shall be Thomas Henry." That was the first time that the cat really knew what his name was, but when he heard that name announced he gave a knowing, cattish smile. He knew some-

thing about himself that the Captain did not know.

"Thomas Henry, are you a good sailor? We shall see," said the old gray-haired Captain who had been forty-four years at sea. The ship pulled out into the harbor, and six days later drew up at the wharf in Calcutta, and Thomas Henry's first sea voyage was over. Cargo was unloaded. New cargo and passengers were taken on. Then a long journey to Hongkong was begun.

This is a distance of three thousand, two hundred miles. As the long journey began, Thomas Henry made several trips of investigation around the ship. Every now and then, the same knowing, cattish smile would flit across the mouth and disappear at the end of the long white whiskers. Then one day Thomas Henry disappeared. No one knew where. All the decks were searched; all the officers were questioned; all the Chinese room boys and cooks were cross-questioned, but no one had any information as to the whereabouts of Thomas Henry. At last they gave up and decided that he had fallen overboard and had been drowned in the sea.

One day as the Captain sat down to his breakfast, he heard a familiar meow at his side. He looked down, and what do you think he saw? Thomas Henry! But strangest of all, by her side were two little Thomas Henrys. You see Thomas Henry was not a father cat, as her name indicated. She was a mother cat and had two of the

tiniest little kittens. Both kittens had white feet just like their mother. And both had the same white spot, like a heart, under their chins. And, young as they were, they had nice white whiskers. How proud Thomas Henry was of those brand new children of hers!

"Now, Captain," said the first mate, "you will have to change the name of your cat."

"No sir," replied the skipper, "that would bring bad luck both to the ship and the cats. Her name shall still be Thomas Henry."

After much patience, the Captain taught her to wag her tail at his command.

"Thomas Henry, waggie tail for the ladies. Waggie tail, waggie tail." And Thomas Henry would wave her tail back and forth as gracefully as you please. The Captain would form a loop of his hands, and say: "Thomas Henry, jump for the ladies. Up, jump!" And up would go Thomas Henry, with a light spring through the Captain's arms.

"Ah, she's a marvelous cat is Thomas Henry, a marvelous cat," and the old Captain would give a contented smile.

One day a stray dog came on the upper deck from the steerage. Thomas Henry was asleep on the floor. Her sixth sense seemed to feel trouble was near at hand. She opened one corner of an eye and peered out. Then she sat up-right instantly. The hair on her back and tail stood straight up in anger and fear. Then she

made a flying leap and landed right in the middle of the dog's back. ..

Quick as a flash, the dog turned and gave two leaps to the head of the stairs. The third leap landed him about the fourth step down, with Thomas Henry on his back. Both dog and cat tumbled the rest of the way to the bottom. Then the cat made her way up the stairs, as much as to say, "Let him come out of the steerage again if he dares." The dog did not show up again during the whole voyage.

The kittens grew. As they grew, they also learned to wag their tails, and to jump through the Captain's arms. The first trip settled the matter for Thomas Henry. She liked the sea voyage. She also liked her new home. She also liked her new master and his many attentions to her.

Then she took her second journey, and her third. And when I saw her she was taking her fifth round trip from Calcutta to Hongkong. That is a total distance traveled of 32,000 miles, more than entirely around the world.

She is now called the mascot of the Kum Sang. She is supposed to bring good luck to the boat and to all who travel with her. And she goes about in a stately dignified way. She knows the responsibility resting upon her, and she is trying to bring up her children so that they may carry on her work after she passes on.

Ah, she is a marvelous cat is Thomas Henry, Mascot of the Kum Sang.

DAD'S LETTERS ON A WORLD JOURNEY

Singapore, November 6.

My Daughters Eight:

The stay in Singapore has been very busy and interesting. I have had a fine trip around the island, in an automobile, driven by one of the natives. Not a Ford, but a Buick. It is perfectly surprising to see how much the British have done to beautify and make this island useful. There is an elegant rock and asphalt road clear around the island. It winds in and out among the rubber groves, the cocoanut groves, the banana groves and the pineapple groves. They have some trees here that they call the "Traveler's Palms." They are simply wonderful.

We reached Singapore in time to get to church on Sunday night. There was a swarm of ricksha men down at the docks, also some tiny buggies drawn by little ponies. We hired these in groups of four, and went to church at a dog trot gait. The preacher had a very good sermon, wore a gown, and told a story about a man in Lexington, Kentucky. He said this man was 131 years old, lived 91 years with his first wife, was the father of 29 children, and married his second wife at the age of 126. My little family of eight looks rather insignificant compared to that 20th century patriarch.

One morning an American boat flying the good old Flag pulled into the harbor, passing our boat by a hundred feet. Ten of us Americans lined up and sang the "Star Spangled Banner." The captain said that he thought "Yankee

Doodle" was our National song. Later, I went over and called upon the crew. They said that song was the best music they had heard in many a day. It was a cargo boat. They were hungry for news. It gave me a feeling of home to see them unloading Quaker Oats and Ford automobiles.

One of the very thrilling things about the harbor is that as boats are pulling in, the native boys row out in their little canoes to dive for coins. They will come up close, and the passengers toss a coin into the water, and down will go a boy after it, diving like a frog. They never miss. One little fellow about the size of Violet was in a canoe with his father, and we threw several coins out to see him dive. One time a coin fell far out from his boat, and the little fellow made a jump for it, but the old man thought he might miss, so out he went in a deep slanting dive and went far down below the boy. Soon he came up with the coin, having intercepted it before it got down so deep that it would be entirely lost.

There is one store in Singapore where ice cream is served, and I think that all in our crowd have been there two or three times. The street cars here are run by native men. The conductor and the motorman both go barefoot. There are two seats on the front of each car, with brown khaki covers, that are called first class seats. Only Americans and Europeans ride in

them. Ten cents for a ride, Singapore money, five cents of ours.

Well, we are ready to start. The little flat tug boat has just come alongside to hitch onto us and pull us away from the wharf. The last piece of red tape has been attended to by the police, the ship has its clearing papers, the whistle has blown, the gangways have been raised and we are just six inches out, now a foot. Along the deck, are about thirty Hindus bidding some of their friends good-bye. Nearly all the men wear whiskers and dresses, their hair is long, done up in a knot on the back of their heads. They are an emotional race; they are weeping, some of them who are on the shore and others on the boat. We are now ten feet out, now fifteen, and the last act of the Hindus is to get a handful of pennies, one from each fellow on shore, and throw them on board to their friends as a farewell blessing. There was a wild scramble for the pennies.

We are off. The last tear has been shed; we are through the narrows, and now, out in the open. The small launch has just steamed alongside and taken off the harbor pilot, and we are striking out into the big open sea, known on the map as the Straits of Malacca.

Dear folks at home:

And the evening and the morning were the first day. Believe me, the evening was certainly a pippin. About eleven o'clock, we had a thun-

YOKOHOMA TO CALCUTTA

der and lightning storm; it seemed that all the artillery of the earth and heaven had been turned loose at once. The lightning came in sudden very bright flashes, a wide sharp streak across the sky. It seemed only an instant until the thunder clap came, but it was a different kind from that we have at home. It sounded like a great cannon going off in a loud cracking noise. At times, there would be two or three flashes of lightning at the same time, and when the thunder came it was like several great guns going off at once. One time there was a very close long flash passed over the ship crosswise. The thunder was upon us almost before the flash had gone out, and it actually jarred the ship from stem to stern.

And the rain! Say, I never saw anything like it. It came not only in sheets and tubs full and torrents and dashes, but it seemed that the whole Pacific had been lifted up and was being poured out by the lake full upon our boat. I got a new idea of the majesty and glory and power of a thunder storm.

This morning it is very pretty outside. There are a lot of feathery blue clouds, and the sun is obscured so that it is an invigorating day. Everybody is talking about the storm. Some of the officers say that this one was just child's play, and that we shall have some real ones before we reach Calcutta.

Land is in sight this morning, and will be until we reach the next stop. Great Britain

guards the Straits so that neither Germany from the west nor Japan from the east could send a fleet of battleships through.

Penang, November 8.

Dear Kiddies:

I got up early to see the ship go into the harbor of Penang. The run is only thirty-six hours, so we are here in the harbor, anchored out several hundred yards, and the British officer who examines the passports is already on board. He always comes aboard while the ship is still out in the harbor. A little launch brings him out and the quarter master lets down a rope ladder, which the officer climbs up like a monkey. The health officer also comes aboard out in the harbor, and he and the ship doctor go over the list of passengers, and if they are all well, and none have contagious diseases, then we are O. K. The passport man and the health officer go back to shore again in their little launches, the proper papers are filed, and the ship is then given official permission to enter.

Up goes the anchor, the boys all get busy, the engines begin to chug, and slowly and majestically we move into the wharf, and edge up against the side as if we had a cargo of eggs. It is a very delicate task to run one of these big ships up against the cement docks, and do it carefully enough so that the boat is not jammed and damaged. There is an association called the Harbor Pilots. They always send a man out

to run the ships in, and to steer them out into the open again.

Everything is now ready, we are starting. I have my Corona up on a ventilator where I can write standing up. In this way, I can skip to either side of the ship and see what is going on. Through the rain, I can see a lot of sail boats, the sails all down, only the high mast poles sticking up. They look like a forest of telephone poles sticking up out of the sea.

We are moving off slowly. Off to the left looms up an important looking yellowish brown building. Do I know what it is? I do. It is the English customs house. Wherever you go there is the English customs house. You have heard it said that the first thing the French build in a new colony is a railroad, and the first thing the British build is a customs house.

Did I tell you that Penang is an island? Penang Island, and on it the city of Penang. Same with Singapore. Hongkong is also an island. England is an island, and she has run true to form and specialized on islands. There are all kinds of little boats rowing out to meet us as we pull slowly in.

These little row boats are different from any we have seen before. They have slim, turned-up noses, artistically painted in several colors.

Here we are, half way into the wharf, and the Hindus are all excited. They are getting their baggage tied up, their bird-cages ready and

their mattresses rolled and tied. They are literally taking up their beds and walking.

For some reason, we have stopped just half way in, and just to be in style, the rain has stopped also. The gangways have just been let down, and here comes a whole swarm of boats out to us as fast as they can row. Two Chinese women with babies on their backs have just gone down the gangway and gotten into a little sampan. Four other Chinese women and two boys are along. The man is now pushing off, and they will land some minutes before we do. One little boat pulled along the stern, and a big Malay, grabbed hold of one of our anchor ropes hanging in the water, and jumped off. He swam and kicked and splashed, holding the rope.

The town clock is clanging out the hour of eight. So you see I have been on deck an hour, and a lot of things have happened and we are still not up to the docks; but we don't worry about that anymore. An hour or so—what's that, to people who are not in a hurry!

One old fellow out in the sampan is wearing a khaki coat, evidently discarded by some English soldier; he has on a sari, he is barefoot, has a dirty red turban wound round his head and wears whiskers like you see in the pictures of Moses. He looks like a real Malay patriarch as he stands there, his boat going up and down in the small waves.

A little steamer has just passed called The Puffin. * * * * The sampan men have long

slim oars and stand up in the rear of their boats when they row. * * * * They are putting the big ropes around the crates the ponies are in. * * * * News. We stay where we are. We are anchored out in the harbor for good. * * * * The Puffin turned out to be a tug, and she has pulled two big wide-bottomed boats up against ours, and the cargo is to go in them and then they are to be drawn ashore by the tug. * * * * The ropes are all up, the machinery all ready, the sun is beginning to shine and the work will soon begin. It is 8:30 and we don't have breakfast till nine. You see, we need tea in bed when we have to wait that long for breakfast.

A money changer has come aboard. He will exchange local Penang money for American money, British money or Hongkong money. These money changers come aboard at every stop, but they do not give quite as much as the banks do up town, so I never trade with them.

They have spread out great canvasses on the bottoms of the big boats, and are unloading flour made in Australia.

My bewhiskered patriarch is sitting down in his sampan waiting for trade. When I get my breakfast, if he is still there, I am going to have him row me ashore.

The Puffin has put two more big boats on the other side of the ship, and cargo is now going off in all of them. * * * * A man has just come on board with a box of jewelry to sell. "You wantee lookee? Sall velly cheap." He has

rings, lockets, breastpins, cuff links, stones, and necklaces. They are all fine, but as usual, three prices too high.

The first bell has rung for breakfast. Fifteen minutes yet. * * * * Several queer looking hawks are soaring over the ship. The Puffin has brought us two more boats, we now have six. * * * * Some of the folks say the first place they will aim for when they land is the ice cream stand, if there is one. * * * * Two Chinese sewing women have come aboard. "Sew? Sewee clothes?" They will sew on buttons or fix anything people may have need of. * * * * A native cloth and lace man is now here. "Any nice lace, gentlemen? Very nice, very cheap?" He has all kinds of things. And now, a post card man has arrived, and I am sending you some of his nice post cards. Nearly every want is anticipated in advance by some of these enterprising natives, and they are right here on the spot to supply it with prices to suit—they, not you.

Your Dad.

November 9.

Dear All:

I have discovered a peculiar thing about the tide. Here in the Straits, the tide flows through from one side to the other. At Shanghai when we put up at the docks it was low tide, and the gangway was at a very low angle as we got off. When I came back it was high tide, and the ship looked twice as high as it did before.

The ladder was almost straight up. But here in the Straits, it flows through twice a day as the earth turns on its axis and as the moon goes from one side of the earth to the other. The flow is just like the flow of a river, and I really think it is as swift as the flow of the Ohio at Cincinnati. When it goes in one direction, it moves the ship clear around as it stands at anchor. When the tide changes, it turns the boat around in the other direction.

The sea is different every hour of the day. At times we can see five different colors at once. Each shows the different shades of light. Up close to the ship, there is a very deep sea blue; far out on the horizon, it shows a sea green; about two squares out, there is the shadow of the cloud on the water, and it shows a pale green; out beyond that, the sun is striking the water and it is more of a pale bluish green; nearer, but beyond the deep blue, is a sort of shiny blue, like a piece of blue silk behind a glass.

We had a very beautiful rainbow this morning. You may remember the old saying: "Rainbow in the morning is the sailor's warning," and "rainbow at night is the sailor's delight." Last night, a small sea swallow flew on board and some of the men caught it. They got a small cage from a Chinaman and put it in, but this morning, the second officer let it out, for he said: "We will be sure to have a storm if we keep it on board."

Last night I heard a little Hindu baby cry-

DAD'S LETTERS ON A WORLD JOURNEY

ing. It seemed to be crying in English. At least, it sounded very much like a baby's cry that I have heard before.

November 13.

Dearest Folks:

I saw another shade of color on the sea yesterday afternoon; it was a deep purple.

Tomorrow, we land at Calcutta. We will be at the mouth of the Ganges some time today. I have learned what I did not know about Calcutta. I had thought all the time that it was on the coast, but now I find that it is one hundred and twenty miles up the river.

We are in the Bay of Bengal. I have not seen any Bengal tigers walking around yet. I have made this trip from Hongkong to Calcutta and have not missed a meal or been sick an hour of the whole trip of 3200 miles.

You may smile at the different moods of the letters I have written, but I wrote each day what I had seen and how I felt. I can look back now on what I said about the food on the Monteagle. I know that it was not the food, but the fact that I was upset by the sea.

We have had several different kinds of fruit lately. We have the Bombay bananas. They are short and fat like Uncle Bob. They are not more than half as long as the ordinary banana, but are very good. Then we have had from Penang, the papaya melon. It is much like the cantaloupe but not quite so nice and sweet; the meat

YOKOHOMA TO CALCUTTA

of it looks more like a pumpkin. We also had some mangoes, but they were not good. They say that a real good mango is about the best fruit there is.

It has been a long trip. Entirely too long to suit me in point of time. The total has been as follows.

| | | |
|----------------------------|------|-------|
| Vancouver to Yokohoma... | 4200 | miles |
| Yokohoma to Shanghai.... | 1130 | " |
| Shanghai to Hongkong.... | 830 | " |
| Hongkong to Calcutta | 3200 | " |
| <hr/> | | |
| Total | 9360 | " |
| Cincinnati to Vancouver... | 3000 | " |

Grand Total 12360 miles

That is just about half way around the world. But it is not going to take me that long to get back. I can assure you of that in advance.

November 14.
On the Ganges

My Dearest Kidlets:

I know already that I am going to like India. The new pilot is on board. When we were about sixty miles from Calcutta we dropped anchor and stayed all night. The river is shifting and sandy and treacherous. This morning we lifted anchor about five and are now steaming up the mighty sacred Ganges.

What is it like? If you did not know you

were on the Ganges you would think it was the Missouri. It is about as muddy, and about as wide, and the country around looks much like Missouri. That is why I am going to like India, it is so much like home.

On the bank, to the star board we just saw three men herding hogs. They looked like slim Ozark razor backs. Then a little further we saw five men and a boy wading out in the muddy water with a seine, fishing. On the portside we saw the masts of a ship that had struck a sand bar and gone down.

They are now getting the gangways ready to let down. Also getting the big crane ready to begin unloading the cargo as soon as we stop.

I have had my last breakfast on the Kum Sang. I can go through the English bill of fare anywhere on earth, land or sea. I don't think it has changed in a hundred years.

We must bid good bye to Thomas Henry, the room boys, the Captain and the crew. They have all been good to us on this trip.

We are passing boats of every kind and description every few minutes. It seems to be a very busy river.



THREE MONTHS WITH THE
MISSIONARIES



THREE MONTHS WITH THE MISSIONARIES

Calcutta, November 15.

My Kiddies:

When I got off the boat, Mr. Alexander was here to meet me. He had with him several letters from you. Star wanted to know the circumstances under which I read your first letters. It was in Calcutta, a modern city of nearly a million and a half, three times the size of Cincinnati. It was at the Lee Memorial mission, in the heart of Calcutta. It is a large four story building, used for a dwelling, a school, and a lodging place for travellers. The second story veranda is about twelve feet wide, and I sat out on the veranda, in front of my room, as I opened up the letters.

On the right, the modern street cars were booming by with all their noise. On the street below, the two-wheeled carts, drawn by bullocks with humps on their shoulders. Across the way the big park, well kept, that the English laid out for Calcutta many years ago. The third door to my left was a school room for girls. I sat there and read those letters and laughed out loud a dozen times. And some times I cried silently to myself. About every half minute a

little brown faced girl peeped out of the door to see what the new Sahib was doing.

Alexander was very considerate and went down town and left me to read my letters without trying to visit with me.

I got the cable about Mr. Rains' death, also one about the union of the societies. Mr. Rains has been a great old prophet of the missionary cause in his day. He had a multitude of friends at home and around the world. His good cheer and optimism have helped many a preacher to a larger life. His calls to the churches for increased giving and devotion to foreign missions will be felt for years to come. I am writing Mrs. Rains a letter. I got a letter from Mr. Rains here. He told about getting the picture and of going over to show it to the girls. He seemed very proud of it. I hope I may be as true and steadfast to the cause as was he.

Well, this is the afternoon of Saturday. I went this forenoon to the William Carey church. You girls know that he is called the father of modern missions, and that he opened up the first missionary work in Calcutta, over a hundred and ten years ago. I saw his old pulpit and stood in it. I saw, also, the baptistry in the church which he built. It is in the floor of the main part of the church, down in front of the pulpit where everybody can see when baptisms are performed.

We went out into the native part of the city, and saw all kinds of native life. Dozens of ox-

THREE MONTHS WITH THE MISSIONARIES

carts, also the sacred cows. They are sleek and well fed, and crowded us off the side walk into the mud at one place. Everybody makes way for the sacred cattle.

There were all kinds of shops, and eating places. It is certainly a queer conglomeration of life.

Yours actually in India.

Daddy.

Harda, November 20.

Dearest Girlies:

"Here comes the bride." If you could see me now I know you would start singing that song. I am just back for breakfast, from a town reception which the folks here in Harda prepared for me. It was arranged by the missionaries and the high school teachers. It was held in the church which is near the high school.

The chief magistrate of the village presided and they sang a Hindi song, prepared for the occasion. Then they had recitations in Hindi, Urdu, Persian, Sanskrit, Marathi, and English.

After all this I spoke a few words of appreciation. They have a very fine custom in India of passing around garlands of flowers. I sat there while a teacher brought out a great big garland of beautiful flowers, of many colors and exceptional fragrance, and hung it around my neck.

The high school boys hung garlands on the missionaries, and the teachers. They passed smaller garlands for the high school boys and others in the audience until all had received one.

They presented me with the big bouquet of roses on the table.

There were Mohammedans and four or five different castes of Hindus present. It was very amusing to hear the boys recite. They had a sing song way of doing it that sounded very funny. Two fellows recited in English. One gave "Tell me not in mournful numbers life is but an empty dream." Another with a moustache recited Hamlet's soliloquy "To be or not to be." I wanted to embrace him.

Only the papers up to October 2nd have arrived. Miss Jeter cut out all the Mutts and Jeffs and sewed them into a little booklet for me and I carry them with me. Both the Harnar's and Dr. Drummond were eager to see them. I am therefore touring India with your old friends Mutt and Jeff as my traveling companions. We are all three welcome. * * * *

This is Thursday night, and I did not know anything about "here comes the bride" when I wrote this morning. I have been visiting schools today. The girls' school, had some recitations, some of their gymnastics, and one of the girls brought out another garland of flowers and hung around my neck. At the boys' school with more than two hundred boys, they had another program. A boy sang about Maharajah Wilson, which means a higher rank than Rajah in their estimation. They hung a great big garland of flowers around my neck also.

THREE MONTHS WITH THE MISSIONARIES

And what do you think? The high school had an all day vacation in honor of my visit!

Last night I was invited to a native home for dinner and sat on the floor and ate with my fingers in true native style.

Good bye,
Daddy.

Harda, November 24.

Dear Sisters Wilson:

Say, sisters, I have had a great time here. I have visited schools, and Sunday schools, and homes, and the bazaar, and the shops.

The servants around the house are very much excited over the new Sahib. The cook got up some extra dishes and the "bai" gathered flowers and put them in vases in a half dozen different places. Mrs. Harnar said that it was all in my honor.

One night for dinner—they have dinner at seven—just as we were finishing, a sharp toy pistol shot rang out and down came a shower of flower petals all over the table. The cook had fastened a big bell of flower petals in the ceiling, and at the report of the pistol his wife pulled the string and down came the shower. We were surprised, but Mrs. Harnar said that they had asked her if they could do it, and had pledged her not to tell us. * * * *

I have had an interruption. Miss Thompson came after me to go with her to see the beggar people at work. They are just now making

bamboo baskets and they say they do not have to beg. They do not even send their children out to beg. Begging is a regular business here, and if one belongs to a beggar caste, it is considered honorable for him to go out and work at the job.

Two of the children were dressed in their birthday clothes and nothing else. If you want to see how they looked, take a look at Elaine and Jodie when they are taking their baths.

As we came by the municipal school a boy came out whose picture I had taken, after I had loaned him my shoes. He had told all the other boys about me, and about twenty-five of them came out on the street to shake hands with me. We had to stop the tonga while I was shaking hands. One fellow who evidently wanted to practice his English on me said, "I am very glad to see you, sir." One of these boys has invited me to go out in the country to see his farm.

November 26.

Dearest Folks:

I went out in the country with those boys to see their farm. It was the most miserable old house you can imagine, in which the tenants live.

Last night I was invited to a party in my honor, given by the Brahmans of the city. They sent around the official invitation by a runner and asked us to be there by five o'clock sharp. The missionaries were invited also. After having a photograph taken we went to the house,

THREE MONTHS WITH THE MISSIONARIES

removing our shoes at the door. Our hosts were barefooted to begin with.

They had prepared by bringing in some carpets and getting ready for the affair. We had some high class, scientific singing. There was a harmonium, and two little drum-like affairs with the drum part only on one end. One man played them both, and kept time with both hands. The singer sat on the floor, as did all the rest of us.

Then we went into another large long room where the meal was served. It was all on the floor, the plates being banana leaves. The food was all vegetables, as the Brahmans do not eat meat of any kind. There were fourteen different foods and they put most of it on to start with. A man came along and told us how to eat it, what to eat first, etc. They said their prayer of grace, and then called for quiet while I said the Christian grace. Then we fell to, all eating with our fingers, as is the habit of all India.

The main course was rice with all kinds of trimmings. As we were eating, the manager of the affair said it was their custom to invite their guests to eat leisurely, to have no care, and be perfectly happy and composed. This is a thing that ought to be written in capital letters all over America. After we had eaten awhile, they had a Hindi solo, and then they asked us if we would give them an American song. We all sang with energy "America." They cheered when we finished.

After we had eaten they escorted us outside where a man gave us water and soap to wash our hands. We then went back into the sitting room where we sat on the floor, and they asked me what America thought of India, as to her social, and political standing. We had a lengthy discussion about democracy, and I told them that democracy could not flourish anywhere on earth without education. They agreed to this but many of them desire that India shall be given self government in the near future.

After this the manager of the affair made an address and thanked me most sincerely for coming and then they brought a very beautiful garland of flowers and put it around my neck. I then replied telling them of my pleasure in being with them and of the honor they had conferred on me; that they were Brahmans and we were Christians, but we were all brothers, and that some day we would have a world brotherhood, and all men would work together for the uplift of the whole human race. It was a very unusual affair. Dr. Drummond says that he never has been to a meeting given entirely by the Brahmans.

I am approaching Mahoba where we will have all the Cotner folks at Thanksgiving dinner.

Dad.

THREE MONTHS WITH THE MISSIONARIES

November 30.

Dear Girls:

This is early Sunday morning before tea and toast. I will get a letter started, but do not know when I will get it finished. I got the cable from Mr. Plopper last night that the family "is in excellent health." That did me a world of good.

We had a fine Thanksgiving dinner, at the home of Lucy Ford. We had two fine pea fowls. There were five Cotner people at the dinner and we gave the Cotner yell.

Last night Lucy brought up an invitation from the girls, teachers, and matron, of the school and orphanage, asking me to go down and eat supper with them. It was served about six and it was almost dark, and there were lanterns standing all over the big yard, or court.

All the girls sat in a row around three sides of the court. The small ones like Jodie and Elaine were on one side, and the row gradually got larger up to Star's size at the other end. Each girl had her little brass plate and that was all. When they were ready to eat they all arose and sang a little prayer song with their eyes closed. Then they all sat on the ground, and ate their *khanna* (food) with their fingers.

When I began eating with my fingers and hitting my mouth every time the girls seemed surprised. I told the matron that her *khanna* was very good, and she said she was glad, that the girls would all be very happy to know that I liked it.

Some of the big girls asked Miss Ford to have me tell them about my eight daughters in America. The account I gave of you would bear repeating only to your mother.

Well, I must tell you a little about these missionary families. The Thompsons keep a buffalo cow. One morning she came and stuck her face up against my screen door. I got out of bed and went over in my pajamas to inspect her. She is a big black one, with horns sticking back over her shoulders. She gives about seven quarts of milk a day. They churn every day, and the butter is whiter than "Churngold." Everybody has buffalo butter out here. The milk is good.

All the floors in the bungalow are cement floors. The rainy season can not spoil them. They have rugs of various kinds on the floors. The walls are thick, of stone, brick and cement, and many of them have book shelves made in the cement. They never break. On each side of the house is a bath room. It is off from the bedroom. In one end of the bath room is a wardrobe room where there are a lot of hooks, and where I hang all my clothes. In the bath room is a large stone water jug. The water carrier fills this up every morning. There is a cement stand for the wash pan, soap box, etc., and a string goes across the room where I hang my towels. I use my own Ivory soap. It floats. In the corner of the bath is a hole for a drain, and when I wash my face I simply dump the water

THREE MONTHS WITH THE MISSIONARIES

out on the cement floor, and the powers of nature do the rest. Water never runs up hill, and again, water seeks its own level.

I have had tea and toast, been down to take a picture of Miss Ford's girls walking to Sunday school two by two; have been to the opening exercise of the Sunday school; and now they are studying the lesson, and I stole off to write this letter to you. You see how I must chink in the time or you would never get a letter.

To continue about the house. There is a cook, a bearer (waiter,) a *syce* (horseman) a sweeper, a refuse man (garbage man), a *bai* (woman to look after the children). Each one does his own work only. The *bai* will not do the sweeping, and the horseman will not do the garbage man's nor the sweeper's work. Bertha looks after the hospital and dispensary,—yesterday she had about fifty patients,—so she has not much time to look after the house and the children.

Mahoba is the place where Adelaide Gail Frost wrote that famous song "India, Sad India." Get it out and sing it some Sunday afternoon. She wrote it up in a Rajah's old summer house overlooking the lake in front of the mission property here. From where she wrote that song I counted six suttee pyres where they used to burn widows at the death of their husbands, counted also about twenty temples and shrines. You never saw such a place for temples and

shrines. There are three or four on the church grounds.

I gave Lucy Ford a rupee last night, and the girls will buy a lot of Indian beads and fix up some fancy necklaces. She said the girls would be very happy to do it, for the daughters of the big Sahib.

I walked out among the rocky hills and valleys the other day. It was a very beautiful place and resembled the Garden of the Gods at Colorado Springs more than any place I have seen. It is a real Garden of the Gods. Big and small, broken and unbroken, hideous and a few otherwise, some stone and some mud, and some of cheap sandy stone.

I have already seen a lot of monkeys here. They are great big fellows, as large as the largest ones at the Zoo. I saw one little baby monkey half way up a tree and it gave out a yell. Its mamma came out of another yard, and she jumped up into the tree in a hurry. When we walked up among the hills and rocks I saw about a dozen, and tried to get close enough to get a good picture, but they kept moving on so far ahead that I couldn't get it.

I have seen some wild deer, also a jackal, very much like a Nebraska coyote. Also some fine pea fowl, with their big wide pretty tails. They are very shy if they think a man has a gun.

THREE MONTHS WITH THE MISSIONARIES

December 1.

This is Monday morning and where do you suppose I am? I am about fourteen miles from Mahoba, sitting in the small side car of Rothermel's motorcycle. I am in the middle of the road writing this letter, while he is off a half mile to the right, trying to shoot some deer.

I got up at three thirty this morning, and Clint Thompson and I started at four, with his little pony and two wheeled cart. He brought me out to the outstation where we called on the native pastor before seven, and then ate our breakfast or rather *chota hazri*.

Rothermel came out from Maudha to meet us, and he is taking me back with him. We are trying to get some deer so I can take some hides home with me. He thought that if I was not used to shooting deer they would get away from me, so I was willing for him to do the job. There are about a dozen of them, and I can see them plainly, but they are moving around, so he may not get close enough to get a shot.

Two boys driving the cows out for the day are now by my side, and they are very much interested in the big Sahib in the car. Bang—bang—he has just fired two shots, and I see the deer running away, so I think he has missed. If he has, I will tell him he had better let a green horn try it next time.

It was a wonderful trip this morning, the stars shine more brilliantly out here than at

home. The star in the east, I think it is Venus, is very, very large and brilliant here.

Rothermel is now coming back and he has no deer.

December 5.

Eight Wilson Girls:

At Maudha I went out one evening with Mr. Rothermel and got two shots at pea fowl and got them both. We gave one to the native mayor of the town which greatly pleased him, so that he came to the C. E. social that night. The cook roasted the other in fine style, and served him for the eleven o'clock breakfast.

He was almost as big as a turkey, as he lay there with his fowlish bosom exposed, the supreme sacrifice that a pea fowl can make. I shot them near a small village about two miles away. It is ruled over by a Mohammedan, or a Mussulman, as they are called here. He had a man carry the fowls out to our tonga, and when we started home he thanked me for honoring him and his village by coming out here to shoot. He asked us to come again.

There was a baptism service at a nearby lake the last day I was there, and I got a good picture of it. We had to wind in and out a narrow path through some kaffir corn on our way. There were several women at work in the field. They cut the corn, and carry it in great bunches on their heads to the threshing floor. I saw one man threshing it, and he was driving his

THREE MONTHS WITH THE MISSIONARIES

oxen round and round upon it. He said it would take a week to do the job, and when it was done he would have about ten bushels of grain.

Mr. Rothermel took me to Rath in his side car. We had a fine journey, and when half way out Mr. Bierma met us at a village. He had sent his tonga out to get my luggage. I could not get it all in the side car so one tonga took it half way, and the other fellow met him to bring it in. The same thing was done from Rath to Kulpahar.

At Rath I had a fine time with Mr. and Mrs. Bierma. They have two fine babies like Jodie and Eunice. It seems very strange to hear them talking Hindi. They can talk Hindi almost as well as English. They rarely ever ask for water, they ask for *pani*.

Now I am at Kulpahar. Rothermel brought me over on his motor. Bierma came out part way on his bicycle.

Here at Kulpahar are four single ladies. Misses Thorp, Burgess, Clark and Vance. They took me at sundown to see the spare bed room where I am to sleep. Where do you suppose it is? It is the spare bungalow a quarter of a mile away. It is Davis' home, and they are in America now. It is a large bungalow and I am the sole occupant. An old man, the caretaker around here, slept on the porch all night as watchman. Just why is not yet clear to me.

I came down to retire about nine o'clock, and a jackal ran slowly across the yard. My lug-

gage had just arrived a few minutes before, and the old man carried it in for me. Soon after I retired, my friend Jack decided that company should have a soothing melody to go to sleep on, so he called for his tenors and his basses, his altos and his sopranos and started up his jackalish chorus of the night. It sounded as if there were a hundred of them, but the tenors predominated. Such wild weird voices of the night, I never heard before.

Star wanted to know what to write about for school. Write about the tiger I did not get, and the deer I did not shoot, and how it feels to be an orphan with Daddy ten thousand miles away. And an imaginary story as to what I am doing as you write, and how the jackals got up their chorus to serenade the new Sahib, etc.

This is Monday night, 9:30 o'clock, and I am again down at the bungalow alone. It has been a busy day. A woman came in five miles today with her fifteen months' old baby on her hip and gave it away to the home here. She said her husband was dead, the baby was nearly starved and she could not feed and care for it any longer. I asked her if she would be sorry to leave it, and she said "yes," but it would have a good home now and she would leave it. She did not kiss it good bye, did not weep when she left it, but went off down the road, and the missionaries said she would perhaps never come back to inquire about it. Later a little girl about ten, ragged and dirty came up, an old lady from her

THREE MONTHS WITH THE MISSIONARIES

town escorting her to show her the way. She had walked twelve miles. Her parents both being dead, she had heard of this home and wanted to be taken in, and they took her.

Jubbulpore, December 14.

Dearest Girls:

Now girls, for a real surprise! Listen while I get it off my chest! You know I have always been a little cranky about you youngsters wanting to wear too many beads and things like that. Well, I am changing my mind, for I have already got some beads for you, and Lucy Ford and her Mahoba girls are fixing up some others. What's more! when I get home I am going to let you wear them, and I am going to bring a string for mamma, and am going to think they are real pretty. Now you see this trip is having its effect on me. Of course I will not expect any of you to get giddy or vain, or too foolish about them, but then you are not that kind of girls.

Hatta, December 19.

My Girlies:

Here I am in Hatta with David Rioch.

I was to arrive in time for breakfast about eleven. When I was about two miles out, David came on his bicycle to meet me. You never saw a man as pleased as he was. He shook hands with me three times, and looked at me as if I were his own son. He rode close up to the tonga so he could talk all the way. When we got to his

bungalow, he shook hands with me again, and when we got in the house he hugged me. He was still excited when we went to the table. And I was just as glad to see him.

He had killed a deer the day before, and had a nice big roast for breakfast. He had the cook bring him the long round sharpener for his carving knife, and after he had sharpened it, he used the sharpener for a fork. Stuck it in deep, and cut two slices off before he discovered what he was doing. Then we had a good laugh. He said he could hardly believe that I am here. You see, he lives away out here all alone, and Mrs. Rioch and Janet have not yet arrived.

He often goes for weeks without seeing a white person. So you can realize what my coming meant to him. We have had a glorious time. We got up real early this morning, had tea, and started out on an evangelistic tour to some villages. The four evangelists were to come later with the oxen, and the two wheeled cart. We went ahead, walking, with the guns, for David said we would get a deer before the time for meeting.

It was still dark when we started, but soon dawn came and then sunrise. Soon after sunrise we sighted a herd of deer and we stalked them for several hundred rods but could not get close enough for a shot. Then we saw another bunch of about twenty. David sent me ahead, and he circled around. Finally I got close enough for a shot. I let one big fellow have it. Bing! Down

THREE MONTHS WITH THE MISSIONARIES

he came! My first! Later on we saw two, grazing. The ox cart had arrived by that time and I got in and the driver circled around them and David went straight down the road to get them if they came across. Soon we were close enough for another shot, and I said "bus" to the driver. That means "enough," "stop." I sat in my seat, took good aim at the biggest one, and down he came. He had no sooner fallen, than out leaped the driver—*gari wallah*, and ran as fast as he could go, picked up the deer and carried it back to the *gari*. Two shots, two deer, 1000 per cent. How is that for the old man who missed four times yesterday? The evangelists and all the natives around will have deer meat. They are happy.

When we arrived at the village, the evangelists got out their violin, and song books and began singing. Soon we had a good crowd, and two of the men preached. About the middle of the service an old woman came by, driving her goats to the pasture. There were about twenty of them and she could not go around, so they crowded through a space about three feet wide and broke up the meeting for a few minutes.

Soon a little black baby goat came bleating down the narrow street, trying to follow its mother. An old woman grabbed it, took it in her arms and lap, and sat there listening to the evangelist preach. The goat seemed perfectly contented, and so did she. Later as we went out, the man was milking the goats in a big brass

bowl. One fellow holds the goat by the front legs while the other does the milking.

We went to the next village and had another service. As the meeting was going on, the women who carry "buffalo chips" went out and in between the evangelists and the audience several times, with great baskets on their heads. They make these into big cakes about the size of a wash pan, let them dry in the sun, then they are used for fuel. Thousands of people have no fuel to cook with, but these. There are places in each village where they have big stacks of them for sale. There is no coal at all in any of these villages, so the only thing they can buy for fuel is these chips.

December 20.

Dearest Folks:

We are up early again. We have already had chota hazri, and it's only seven. We got into Damoh this morning. We have to send our bedding on ahead in the ox cart. It takes them ten or eleven hours to make the trip, and if we did not start them early, they would not arrive in time for us to use our bedding to-night.

All the folks around here got some of the deer meat and they are all happy. It was my Christmas present to them. I am going to get the hides tanned and bring them home for rugs. I hope to get some more in camp. We had a great visit last night. We sat up and talked around the fireplace with a couple of nice logs in it.

THREE MONTHS WITH THE MISSIONARIES

I must tell you how David lives. He has his cook—*khansama*—who also acts as waiter. David is very careful that the food is cooked well and served well. His garden is fine. It is near the well, and his *mali* (gardener) takes good care of it, under David's supervision. Yesterday, out of the garden we had ripe tomatoes, beans—mark it, girls—beans, red crisp radishes, and very tender lettuce. He has pots turned over the lettuce to keep it crisp. He has potatoes ready to dig in about three or four weeks, cabbage, cauliflower, and other vegetables.

The bungalow is very nice, mud walls plastered outside and in with cement and then white washed, so that it is as nice as a cement house at home. The yard is well kept, rose bushes and many other flowers in the yard, a hedge well trimmed, and the nicest big trees, more of them and nicer than the ones in our own Norwood yard, and the yard is much larger. In fact, there are three or four acres in it. One banyan tree is a wonder. These trees grow very wide long branches. They don't grow high, but the limbs go out so that they cover much ground. David and I stepped this off at the farthest points in two directions. One way it was 114 feet and the other way it was 145 feet.

I am just reminded of several messages that have been sent to you. At Rath the syce who drove Mr. Bierma and me out to some villages was asking about our girls and family. I told him how we all work and you girls help. He

thought a while, and said "Just think, if you had no girls, the poor Mem Sahib would have to do all that work herself."

A little old lady at Kulpahar after my talk, and a visit among the homes, came up to me and said in broken English, "Tell your Mem Sahib our best salaams." The woman who is the matron of the women's and girls' homes, said after she saw your pictures "Sahib, I think you have a very beautiful family. You must give them my salaams." So you see the folks out here know who you are and are thinking about you.

I wonder if I have told you how these people do with their cooks and waiters when they visit one another. When Mr. Grainger's or Mr. McDougall's family visits Alexander's for a meal, they take their cook and waiter along. They all help in the service. That's true of government officials also. Very handy. *Bus.* We are off.

Dad.

Damoh, December 22.

Dearest Everybody:

Half way in to Damoh is a Dak Bungalow. David sent word ahead for the khansama to have breakfast ready at eleven. When we arrived, the old fellow came out, salaamed, and gave us a room where we shaved and got ready to eat. He had rice and curry and other good things. While we were eating, he came round and put a garland of flowers around our necks. We gave him an extra anna for a tip.

THREE MONTHS WITH THE MISSIONARIES

Mrs. Rice ordered us to furnish the turkey for Christmas dinner, so this evening at four David and I took our shot guns and got on bicycles and rode out to a small river eight miles away where there are pea fowl. I saw a large cock with his long tail feathers fly across the river.

As I was stealing along, a big fat hen flew up in a tree to the side, and a big cock flew in another. I could see the hen well, and I thought that a hen in the hand was worth two roosters in the tree tops, so I let drive, and down came old lady hen. She is a great big fat one, as large as a turkey, and much better to eat than the rooster.

We had a great time here yesterday, Sunday. I went with Mrs. Rice to a village two miles away, where she conducts a Sunday school. We walked, arriving a little after seven thirty. School was held under a tree in front of a little mud house. As we started off through the village, the whole crowd went along, and one little girl about the size of Violet was not dressed, except for her necklace, and bracelets. She carried her shirt and sari in her hand and dressed as she went. No one paid any attention to her.

Eight of the Sunday schools in and around Damoh, came in to the central school at the church. There were 641 present. They had a good program, the different schools each giving one number. One bunch recited scripture verses; one big boy recited that verse in the story of the

birth of Christ where it says of the shepherds "the glory of the Lord shone round about them and they were sore afraid," and he ended up by saying "God Save the King." On many occasions out here they use that expression, and this chap thought it would be appropriate here. It surely was laughable.

I was over at Dr. McGavran's hospital at seven thirty. Big crowd, fifty-six up to eleven o'clock, all kinds of people, and all kinds of diseases. One woman came fifteen miles and her son and three other men came along, relatives perhaps. Doctor told her nothing would cure her but an operation. The men did not want an operation so the whole crowd pulled out. Another woman came, bare foot, who had been in the hospital two years. She was almost dead, but they pulled her through, and she was just finishing her treatments. When the Doctor told me about her and told her that I was a Secretary Sahib from America, she came up and showed me her feet and ankles that had been cured, then she pulled her sari up over her bare knees and showed me where her knees had been cured. She almost worships Doctor McGavran. I can't tell you of all the cases, but nearly every one has a history.

In the afternoon at two, I went with Miss Franklin to the girls' school. She has sixty high caste girls. There are five grades up to government requirements. They gave a good Christmas program, and they were all dressed up in

THREE MONTHS WITH THE MISSIONARIES

their best jewelry, which is going some out here. I called four of them out and took their pictures; also took an inventory of their jewelry, with the aid of Miss Franklin, and the old lady who is their servant, who comes to school with them, and returns with them.

Here are some items about one girl:

Her name is Sunder.

Age 12 years.

Engaged, and to be married soon.

Father a big merchant.

Right arm five bracelets.

Left arm three.

Two anklets, large, silver.

One gold nose ring.

One gold finger ring.

Three neck rings and bracelets, one
of them gold.

Three head bands, beads of gold
over head.

Three head ornaments, pearl, in
front and on top.

Four ear rings, right ear.

Six ear rings, left ear.

Total: thirty-one pieces of jewelry.

Value about 700 rupees. About
\$325.00.

How is that for a girl the age of Lenore?
The others were just as bad. One had on four-
teen bracelets, some of them solid silver.

DAD'S LETTERS ON A WORLD JOURNEY

December 26.

Dearest Girls:

We are about ready to start for camp and I must tell you about yesterday, Christmas. We had hung up our stockings and when we opened them there were lots of funny things in them. A pair of Ray's old gloves in mine, and his whistle, and some of my film rolls. Also the enclosed letter and handkerchief holder from Miss Franklin, also the little thing from Florence Alexander, and a set of beads from Dr. McGarvan which have a history and which I'll bring with me.

At two o'clock in the morning about twenty of the Damoh boys started out over town singing Christmas songs. They got to my room about five and their songs surely were fine.

At night we had our big dinner and the pea fowl was the center of attraction.

In the afternoon, an old snake charmer came round with a big cobra about five and a half feet long. He blew an old bamboo horn. He took the snake out and it crawled all over the place.

On Tuesday night, the boys had their Christmas tree and program. They acted out the Bible story of the shepherds at the manger.

When the star appeared a boy on the outside stuck a beautiful fireworks star in the window, and it dazzled up brilliantly for about a minute.

Each boy got a little round black topi with a knife tied in it. Yesterday one boy was wearing

THREE MONTHS WITH THE MISSIONARIES

his topi around, still tied up in the paper so he wouldn't get it dirty.

We had ripe tomatoes for supper last night from the Damoh farm. Also nice big oranges.

December 28.

In camp 25 miles from Damoh.

My Dearest Girls:

I have wished fifty times today that you were here with me. Fay Livengood and his wife, Ray and Merle Rice and I are the only white people here. We are camping near a nice river with sandy banks and clear water. Just back of my tent is a great hill, about four hundred feet high. My tent is under a banyan tree, as is also that of Ray's. Down at the right of our tents are the tents of the helpers; they also are under a big, beautiful banyan tree.

We arrived here yesterday about three, and the boys at once began making their little huts. They gathered the branches, the green leaves and the grass. By night, every one of them had a neat little hut, that he had made with his own hands and that he would sooner sleep in than a tent. I went on a tour last night to see them. They were all pleased to see the Secretary Sahib take an interest in their houses. Each boy has a rug and two blankets. He also has his own plate, eats with his fingers, washes his own plate, so you see the bother of a camp for these fellows is small.

Across from our camping place is a range of large hills, and on top of them are a great many temples. Fay and I climbed up there yesterday. This noon we climbed to the top of the big hill, back of our camp. It is steep and very rocky, but I had a staff, and after awhile we reached the top. There were the ruins of an old temple, and an old suttee pyre. Down in an old basement of ruins, we saw a big rabbit under some grass. From the top of the hill we can see for at least twenty-five miles in every direction. The river winds in and out among the green wheat fields like a ribbon of blue.

Great stretches of trees and jungle can be seen to the rear of our camp. It is there we are going tomorrow morning to get some game, or at least try. We have permission from the government to shoot three sambar. We will start at the break of day.

Now to go back in the story a little. We started Friday. There were fourteen ox carts which brought our stuff out. Tents, rolls of blankets, bedding, grain for the boys, chiefly rice and wheat. We have about a half ton of rice for the boys. The boys walked. If any of them got too tired, they rode on the carts. We went fifteen miles the first day, and pitched camp in a grove of big trees. Ray had sent a man ahead to secure milk, wood and hay, and some extra big logs for a bonfire.

I got two deer the first day and Fay got a wild cat. We sent one of the deer back to the

THREE MONTHS WITH THE MISSIONARIES

sixty little boys in the orphanage who could not come. It will make them two good meals. The second day I got a third deer. I shot it at a long distance and broke its hind leg. Fay and the boys saw it limp and chased after it. It was a sight to behold those boys, about fifteen of them, and Fay chasing that deer. The boys simply yelled, for they knew with two deer we would have enough for the whole camp. When they caught up with it, it dodged back and forth and finally Fay jumped on its back. When we got it killed and strung up on a pole, eight or ten of the boys carried it to the road and put it in an oxcart.

When we got into camp, and all the boys heard that another deer had been shot, you should have heard the yell they sent up. They skinned them, cut them up into small pieces and cooked them in the big brass cooking kettles, with the rice. It made a rice-deer curry. We took our plates and sat on the ground with them, and ate out of the same big kettle. It was really good food, and I enjoyed every bite of it.

We had church service this morning. Fay preached, then we had communion. The boys all sat on the ground through the entire service. They were very respectful and attentive.

Jhansi, January 7.

Dearest Girls:

I am out of the jungle again, and at my regular work. On the last day a rich man sent his

elephant over, and we went out hunting on the elephant. Four of us rode on him, and we had a great time.

When he came in to camp, the driver who sat upon his neck, had him get down on his knees. When we all got on, he slowly and carefully got up. When we came to a bad place in the road, we thought he would surely tip over but he went across as smoothly as if he were flying.

Well, we got up on top of the hill again, and the men down in the valley honked the jungle for us. Soon we heard some noise in the bushes and a mother sambar and her baby came out within twenty-five or thirty feet of me. She stopped for a half minute and looked around. I could have easily taken her picture, if I had had my camera, but the boy who was carrying it for me was ten feet away, and if he had moved, she would have run away. Soon two mongooses ran out, and a little later two big pea cocks, one right close to me, but I did not shoot as I was hoping for a male sambar, but none came.

As we went down the hill, a great big fellow jumped up and stood for a moment behind some bushes. Ray got a fine shot at him and down he came on the first shot. He was a monster big fellow, with horns at least three feet long. The shout that went up in the jungle could have been heard for miles. Ray skinned him, and cut him up, and it took sixteen boys to carry the meat into camp, about four miles away. The

THREE MONTHS WITH THE MISSIONARIES

boys will have meat for several days and they are very happy.

We had a great camp fire that night. Told stories and had a program. It was announced that Mrs. Bert Wilson and family had arrived in camp while we were in the jungle, and they would be introduced. Soon in came a tall boy, dressed up in Livengood's suit, and another boy whom Alice and Merle had dressed up in their clothes to represent Mamma. Other boys of various ages had middies, and dresses on, and the one representing Eunice, the "father" carried in his arms. It was killing to see those brown faced boys act like you girls were supposed to act.

Then they had two boys make a speech, one in English and the other interpreted it in Hindi. It was great to see them go at it. They called on me to make a speech in Hindi. Will you believe it, if I tell you that I did? I can't explain what I said here, but by using some words that I knew and making signs, I told them of our hunt; that away up in the hills at three o'clock when we had no water and food in our stomachs I was very hungry.

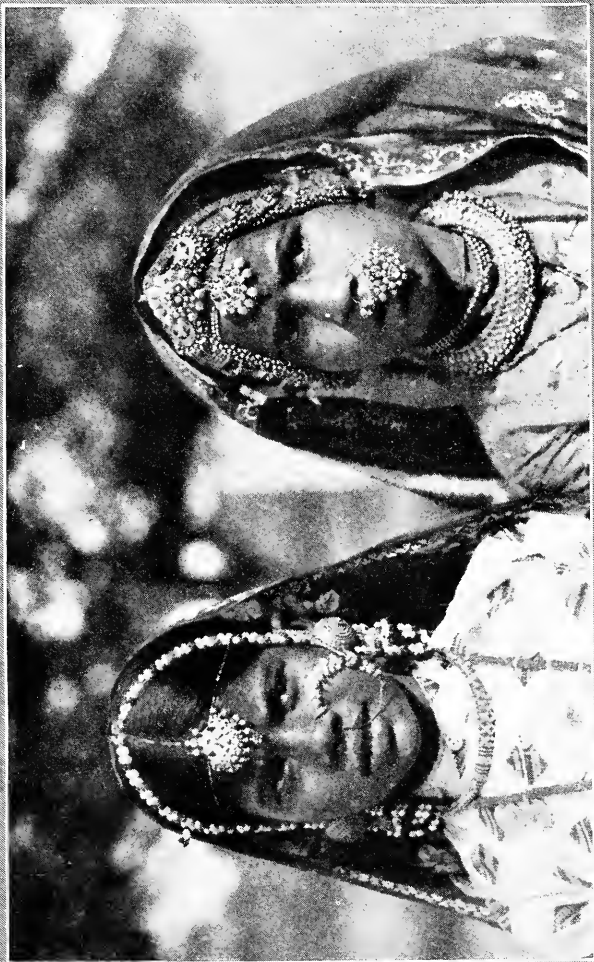
Then Ray called upon an old hunter-guide of the village, who had come up to sit by the fire, to make a speech to the boys. He said he could not express himself. But Ray told him to stroke his whiskers and scratch his head, and get up and tell them about that big hill back of the camp. The old man got up. He said that once there were two Rajahs who got into a big war

over who should have control of the hill, and several men were killed. As he was about to go on, Ray stopped him and told him to wait until he interpreted that.

He started out by saying that the "buri Sahib," which was a term of very great honor for the old hunter, had said that once two turkeys got into a great fight, and all the men in the neighborhood stood around and watched the fight. Finally he said one turkey kicked the other in the eye, and "busted it all to pieces," and the men picked up the pieces and made this great hill.

Those hundred and fifty boys fairly split their sides laughing at that interpretation, and so did I. It was a great night. When I bade them good night, they gave three times three cheers for me. We left early the next morning, to look at the great group of temples on those hills, and then to eat New Year's dinner at the native police commissioner's house in the village three miles away. Fay and I went down to the river, took off our shoes and walked across, and later Merle, Ray, and Alice came over on the elephant.

We had a regular Indian dinner, curry and rice, and we ate with our fingers. Then Fay and I rode in the twenty-five miles on the bicycles, and as you can imagine, I was ready for supper when we got into Mr. Benlehr's. But Mrs. Benlehr has good sense, for she had a big kettle of hot water ready, and I dumped it into the big bath tub, and had a glorious swim.



Sunder and Her Friend



THREE MONTHS WITH THE MISSIONARIES

Robert Benlehr had just come down from the hills from school, the same place where Janet Rioch will go. He told about killing a big bear up there. He can tan hides. He has just shot a big gray monkey, and said he would finish its hide and let me take it home with me. I would not have the heart to kill one myself.

I next went to Bina, where Tom Hill and wife, of the College of Missions, are located. Tom is the fellow who courted his wife through the key hole at the C. of M. when she had the German measels. I had a fine time there, and visited some of the homes with Misses Russell and Garton. One old woman took a shine to me because I counted her bracelets, and brought out a lot more of her jewelry for me to see. She actually had a gold nose ring as large around as the bottom of a saucer. I got her to put it on, and I took her photo.

So that's the end of my doings up to Jhansi, where Ernest Gordon, and wife, Ada McNeill Gordon, are at work. He has a school of 240 boys, and I was there all forenoon today. I visited all the classes, heard them in their English, their geometry, their geography, etc. The class in physiology was trying to recite in English, and they had to use very simple sentences to express themselves.

The teacher would say "where is your heart?" and the boy would reply "here is my heart" pointing to it. I asked permission to ask questions, and after several I asked one chap,

pointing to my nose "what is this?" He said "that is your nose." I said "is it a long nose or a short nose?" He replied without a moment's hesitation "It is a very long nose, sir."

Gordon and I played tennis tonight. He says that he had not intended to tell me he played tennis, as he supposed that a Secretary was too dignified to play games. When he took me to the native preacher's home this forenoon, I saw a checker board on the table, and told the preacher to get out his checkers, and we had a game then and there. His wife came in and looked on, and a door full of curious people peered in to see what the American Sahib was doing. I beat the preacher, so he has full respect for my position as Secretary.

When you get this it will be the middle of February, and that will be only two months until I will be starting home. I am going to try and come home by way of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, and stop off for a week and run over to Jerusalem and Bethlehem, and if possible, up to the Sea of Galilee. There is a railroad now that goes from Port Said on the Suez Canal to Jerusalem in one night.

Pendra Road, January 13.

My Dearest Miss Sahibs:

Now that you have made your appearance at the Damoh camp, I can give you the Indian designation. On my way down here I had to stop at Katni, the junction point, from about five

THREE MONTHS WITH THE MISSIONARIES

in the morning, till four in the afternoon. I went up to the Dak Bungalow. When I routed out the old long whiskered *khansamma*, he began to say that the place was full. But I told him I was the same Secretary Sahib from America that stayed with him before. He peered at me through the darkness, told the coolies it was Secretary Sahib, and to bring my stuff right into the dining room.

He fixed up a bed for me, I unrolled my hold-all, and was soon "in the hay" "sawing wood." I had had to change trains at midnight, so you can guess I was sleepy. He closed the doors, and when I dozed off it was beginning to get light. When I awoke and looked at my watch it was ten thirty. He got breakfast for me, and I got out my typewriter, established my office and went to work.

I reached Pendra Road about eleven at night. Mr. Madsen and three of the evangelists met me at the depot in their oxcart. Madsen's twelve year old daughter was along. Her name is Neilsine, she is red headed, about the size of Lenore, and just as wide awake. The evangelists lighted Japanese lanterns, one went ahead of the oxen, and two followed behind the cart. It was quite a procession in the dark. When we got up to the mission bungalow, we found Mrs. Bessie Farrar Madsen still up, a fire in the fire place, with some steaming hot cocoa already made, and some good bread and butter.

When I had finished my cocoa, Mrs. Madsen said there was mail for me. It was your letters of November 23. I read all of your letters near midnight.

Roma, the reason you got a U. S. stamp on that letter, is that it was mailed in Shanghai. Shanghai has been internationalized; that is, the port part of it has, and there is an English post office, where English mail is sent with their own stamps, and an Uncle Sam post office where our stamps can be bought and letters mailed, and also a Chinese office. I am not sure if there are others.

You asked about sea gulls. Some sea gulls are white and some brown. Sea gulls are like people, they vary in colors, I suppose to add variety to the color scheme.

Madsens have three daughters. The oldest was eighteen yesterday. They put a wreath of rose petals around her plate, and gave her several presents. She is red headed also. The other is fifteen. I played three games of chess with her last night. She won two of them. They are a fine bunch of girls, and are the only white children here. The next nearest white children are at Bilaspur, 64 miles away.

So you see that Pendra Road is a real jungly place. It is real jungle in every sense of the word. For it was two miles from here where Mr. Cunningham shot his big tiger. There are panthers or leopards all around here. Only today, up at Dr. Mary Longdon's tuberculosis sanitar-

THREE MONTHS WITH THE MISSIONARIES

ium, where I am sitting out on the porch while I write this letter, I saw two big jackals trot across the front yard. They were not more than a half block away.

Dr. Longdon was severely bitten by a panther in October. She heard a noise in her chicken coop just in the rear of her bungalow. She went out about four in the morning to see what the trouble was, and the panther attacked her, threw her on the ground, bit her arm at the elbow, scratched her chest and back with its great claws, and stood over her with its paw on her back for a half minute or more, while she screamed for help. She was all alone, but when the servants came he ran away.

She was very ill, and had to go to the Damoh hospital for Dr. McGavran's treatment. She can only use her left arm and hand a very little. Well, two weeks ago the same old leopard, evidently, killed a small buffalo. The District Commissioner sat up over the kill for two nights, but the panther did not return to finish his feast. The night I arrived they told me that they had heard him again before they started to the train. He has a sort of "woof" call that the natives all recognize.

What was our surprise the next morning to hear that in a small village of only a few houses near Madsens' bungalow he had killed a bullock. It was not more than fifty feet from the little native house where the owner of the bullock lived. There was a big tree near by and I wanted to sit up that night to get a shot

at him, but there was no moon. They said if we tied a lantern so it would shine on the bullock, the panther would not come. But it does seem a shame to have to go away tonight, without getting a shot at the impudent robber.

Last night at Madsens we had a guest for dinner. He was a real English lord. A titled lord, alive, sitting right across the table from me, laughing and joking, and conversing like the rest of us ordinary mortals. And just think, his table manners were no better than mine! He is out here in the government forest service, finding out which trees in the government forests have qualities for varnish and shellac. He has killed several tigers and panthers in his journeys, and had some very interesting stories to tell. He did not suggest that he might have King George make me a lord or a duke so I may have to come home just a private citizen after all. He was a comparatively young man, spent the years of the war in the service in Mesopotamia, and told us many things of interest about the Euphrates and Tigris rivers, and the ruins of ancient Babylon.

There is a very interesting thing here at Pendra Road. Madsens have developed a real Christian village. That is a rare thing in India. There is so much paganism in all these villages that it was surely refreshing to see one where no one is allowed to build a house who is not a Christian. They took me around the village. I went into the houses, and saw their little stoves

THREE MONTHS WITH THE MISSIONARIES

on the floor, their cooking pots, their grain grinders, two big stones you will remember, and the women showed me their babies. I held two or three of them in my arms, and withal I had a big time. They have a "palaver" house, or what they call here a "panchayat" house. It is a place where the men of the village meet to decide on any and all questions. Last night they had such a meeting, and I was invited. They had some music, two instruments that correspond to a violin, and a bamboo flute about four feet long.

After the music, a man made a speech to me in behalf of the village. Madsen interpreted for him. He said that they were all glad to see me, and that they thanked me for coming all the way to Pendra Road to see them, and for taking an interest in their homes, their church, their children, and their school. Also for bringing to them the salaams of the American Christians. To take back with me to America their salaams to my family—my Mem Sahib—and to all the churches there. Then they had prayer. The men have a prayer service here every night of the week.

This morning I went with Mrs. Madsen to the women's meeting in the same place. They have a short Bible reading, song and prayer service every morning. Twenty-one women were there, and three of them prayed, and all could read from the Bible but two.

Here at Dr. Longdon's bungalow, a mile or more from the other, is the tuberculosis sani-

tarium. It is the only one of its kind in all the central provinces. They give the patients plenty of good milk, eggs, and fresh air. Last year they dismissed twenty-five as having the disease permanently arrested. The missions are surely bringing in life, and light, and hope, to these poor people of India.

Miss Andrus is the nurse, and these two live up here alone. They had duck for breakfast, and it was good. I stayed for tea. Miss Andrus today received a five pound box of candy from America, and they were very happy over it. So was I. Still happier when I had devoured four big fat chocolates.

India is a wonderful country, and I am seeing new things every day. The trees, how wonderful they are. And the rocks, and rivers, and lakes are as natural as if they had just been turned out of nature's big shop. And the people, how full of interest every one of them is. The boys and girls are so full of inquisitiveness and curiosity, that I want to stay at every station I visit. There are ten different jobs I would like to do out here.

Bilaspur, January 20.

My Girlies:

I have been here a week. Have been out in the country in three directions, north seventeen miles, south twenty miles, west today eight miles with Miss Kingsbury. You may not know it but Mary Kingsbury came to India on the same boat

THREE MONTHS WITH THE MISSIONARIES

with G. L. Wharton, and she has been a missionary here for thirty-seven years. She is now sixty-three. I had breakfast at her home this morning. She knows all the missionaries from the beginning, and has seen all our stations established.

They have had a big fair here, the first in the history of the Bilaspur District. Mr. Moody got first prize on tomatoes, celery, and lettuce. Dr. Jennie Crozier got first on her milk buffalo, and on her fern. The Girls' School got first on its nice map of India. The Commissioner—English—was here. He corresponds to the Governor. I had tea with him. He was very friendly. The D. C. which, being interpreted, means District Commissioner was in charge of the fair. He is likewise English, and I sat with him at the wrestling match of Indian wrestlers.

He said he had to go after the first match. There were seven altogether. He was a good sport, and I kept asking him about the matches, guessing against him as to who would win, and he stayed for four of them. There were some Indian dances, folk dances, I guess they would be called. There was a band of two or three pieces, and about twenty dancers. They were all men and they danced quite gracefully. Each kept the time with his feet and hands, and all of course danced separately. No woman in India dances, except women with immoral characters. It is absolutely against the social custom here!

I played tennis one night. I played doubles

and won, and then an English official took me on for singles, and walloped the life out of me. Thus America bowed her head before English superiority.

We start for camp in the morning to be gone three days. It is out in a section where evangelists are at work. I am to visit all their villages, hear them preach, see the Christians and try to encourage them. Our tent went ahead tonight in an oxcart. It will be set up and ready for us when we arrive.

The other day out in a village we stopped to talk to some men. They salaamed sitting down, and Moody told them I was the big Sahib from America. Up jumped the chief man, salaamed to me three times, walked up close to me and looked me all over. I had on my khaki suit, my big colored glasses I wear to keep the dirt out of my eyes from the motor cycle wheels, and my big topi. After he looked me over for about a minute he said to Moody:

"Yes, it's the truth, I see it is the big Sahib now." Moody laughed right in his face, and I did too after he interpreted to me what had been said.

In one village two of the men had gone back into caste who were once Christians. Moody talked to them. Finally I asked him to let me take a whack at them. I showed them the lens of the camera. I told them that whatever a man was doing, good or bad, it took a picture of him, just as he was; that God's eye was just like that, that

THREE MONTHS WITH THE MISSIONARIES

He saw them no matter what they did. That God would hold them responsible for all they did. They might deceive the Sahib, and deceive the evangelists, but they could never deceive God. Well, today one of them came in about twelve miles with two or three others with him, and said that they were ready to repent, and come back into the church.

Tonight since I have been writing this letter a young fellow came up in the yard, broke, no friends, both parents dead, Hindus had refused to care for him, and told him to come to the Christians. He said he wanted to be a Christian, and would work at masonry, carpentry, or do coolie work if necessary. Moody called me out to see what was best to do. They are going to try him out for a week to discover if he is in earnest.

Yesterday three women walked in here about nine miles and brought two girls about like Roma and Lenore, and wanted to put them in the girls' school. Neither could read or write, had never been to school a day in their lives. They stopped Miss Ennis and me on the street as we were going from one school to another.

Things like these are happening every day out here. A man stopped me today, and wanted to know if I was Mr. Wilson from America. He wanted to have an interview with me about something. He has been educated in English, learned somehow who I am, and when I return next Saturday Moody is to send him word, and he will come to see me. Another man, a wealthy

fellow who owns several villages, wants me to help him see the sugar making process when he comes to America next year. Another chap, a teacher and lawyer, who is now in the hospital, sent word that he wanted to have a conference with me for two hours.

So along with all the other things I am trying to do, interviews with these men, and many others, you can readily see that every hour of my time is taken. * * * *

Somewhere in the country.

January 22. Out from Bilaspur.

My Own Girls:

I wrote you yesterday that your letters did not arrive. We came out here to visit the villages, starting early. When we planned this trip we were to come in the motorcycle, but it broke down, so we rode on one horse—a white fine fellow named Ajax, belonging to Dr. Jennie Crozier—and on Moody's bicycle. We took turns on the horse and the wheel.

When we arrived at camp the men had the tent up, with everything in good shape. We visited several villages today. Tonight when we got in we discovered mail. Mrs. Moody knew I wanted letters from you. It arrived an hour after we left. When she saw one marked Norwood, she sent a man who walked the seventeen miles. He also brought some magazines.

January 26.

Things have happened so fast and my time was so full that I could not write any more in the country. We went into one village where there are Christians, had a meeting on the veranda of the evangelist's house. About a hundred people came, among them the Malgazar—the owner of the village. They asked me all about America, my family, if my girls were all married.

Moody and the men preached to them, and we stayed for over an hour. One of the men sat down at Moody's feet, and began to massage his legs, as he knew we had traveled a long distance that day. Then he came over and massaged mine. He said he was very happy to do this for us. The Indian people are expert in that.

This man, with some other men, over thirty years ago took a vow that they would kill Mr. Adams who was camping out here. They were to go up that night, when he was asleep. This man seemed to hear something say to him that they should not do it, so he informed the crowd that he would not help. He slept all night in front of the tent to see that no harm came to Adams. Later Adams taught him, baptized him, and he is still faithful to the church, although he has never had any chance of education. He is now too old to learn. He brought us a big bowl of fresh buffalo milk to drink. It was rich and sweet.

One of the evangelists is a great honey hunter. The other night he climbed a big tree

while the bees were asleep, brushed them off with a bamboo broom, and got about three quarts of honey. He sent us a quart, and it was great. We went into many villages, had meetings at 8:45, 11:00, 3:00 and sometimes at sundown. In one village they took up a Thanksgiving offering. While the meeting was going on two men went away, but soon came back carrying two baskets of rice on their heads.

One morning about eleven-thirty we were going over to our tent for breakfast, when some men came out of a small village and said there was a wild boar in a nearby field. We went that way, I was walking with the rifle, and Moody was riding Ajax. Soon we heard a yell, and out came a big savage looking wild boar, his bristles sticking straight up. Moody yelled at me to follow and he would try and turn him with the horse so I could get a shot. Away he went at breakneck speed.

The old boar saw him, turned away from me, but Moody got him half turned. I was running in their direction over the rough ground as fast as I could. Finally they ran back past the village, and half the village had turned out to see the chase. When he came into a nearby field there was an old woman upon a bed which she kept there to sleep on at night while she was guarding her field. When she saw the boar coming, instead of staying on her bed where she was safe, she jumped down and began to cry. The boar

THREE MONTHS WITH THE MISSIONARIES

charged her, and knocked her over, but did not hurt her.

Moody was on the spot in an instant with Ajax, so the boar turned and charged them instead of stopping to hurt the woman. Finally they went over a hill and I lost sight of them but was still running with my tongue almost hanging out. As I came to a big tree there were a half dozen boys in it watching the chase from a place of safety. They pointed over the hill, and told me to hurry and I would get a shot. That gave me new wind and courage, so away I sprinted again.

As I was going through a field, back came Moody on the horse lickety split, and yelled "Give me the gun, quick." He had the old fellow about run down, so he told a man in the field to watch him, while he hurried back after the gun. I followed on, but the old scamp had not kept an eye on the pig, so we had to search for him. We searched everywhere, in all the fields, bushes etc., but got no more trace of him. We were both sick over it, but we had a great chase just the same.

When we started back to Bilaspur, we got into the last village about sundown where we were to camp. We called on the Malgazar. We found him out in the street, a big crowd around him, with a phonograph, all the pieces in Hindi. It was not working well, so Moody—who is a fixer of things—fixed it so it worked. Then we got to talking to them. One old man said the

earth was flat. I took my hat and explained how I had started west, was now in India, and would keep on going west and get back home again. You see, I was right there, and it was all so plain that he threw up his hands and said, "You white folks know everything."

We asked the Malgazar to let us put our beds on the veranda of the school house, to save pitching our tent. He gave us permission. We went down soon after dark, but the cart had not yet arrived. We waited and waited, finally a man came across the fields with a lantern, and said the cart wheel had broken down two miles out. So we walked back two miles, helped the men unload the tent, put it up, got our supper about nine o'clock, and camped there in the country for the night. It was a great night, nothing to bother us, but the noise of the jackals.

The next morning the cook had breakfast ready at sun up—we ate and started to Bilaspur. Now sisters, listen to my story. When about five miles from Bilaspur we stopped at a village where we have a school. The master said that over in the field a short distance was a *talau*—(lake,) and a crocodile lived there, and that he lay out every day in the sun to sleep.

We went across and peeked over the bank. There he lay on a little island about as big as the top of our dining room table. We backed down and went around to the nearest spot. I was a little nervous, so I stood by a tree and took perfect aim. Bang! He curved up in a quarter

THREE MONTHS WITH THE MISSIONARIES

moon and fell off in the water. Moody swam out to the little island, took a long bamboo pole, tied a hook on it, fished the bottom of the lake, and finally he pulled the old fellow to the top.

He tied a rope around the top jaw, and swam back to shore towing the crocodile after him. When we examined him we found the shot had gone absolutely perfect. It almost has to, for a crocodile, as there are not more than two or three inches of space to shoot him. Moody skinned him, and I have sent the hide to a tannery.

Bandakpur, January 26.

My Dearest Star:

It is not yet sunup. I am sitting out in front of my tent, about twelve miles from Damoh, where I arrived yesterday, to attend a big Hindu mela, or religious festival. Whom do you think I am camping with? Mr. and Mrs. Rioch and Janet. They are in camp here with their evangelists, preaching to the crowds of people who have come to pay their respects to some of their numerous gods.

There is a great crowd here. Some came in ox carts, on foot, on the train. It is just a small town, no hotels, no place for the people to stay except on the ground. I guess they prefer no other, for they arrive, unroll their cooking pots, and grain, get together a few pieces of wood or "buffalo chips" and begin cooking their meal.

When night comes they roll up in their blankets, and go to sleep. I got up early and

went down through the camp, and saw them lying on the ground like cats and dogs, among their cattle and goats, and wagons. Little children, boys and girls curled up right out in the open, not even under a tree. Why did they not go under a tree? Well, most of the near by trees are occupied by earlier arrivals. It would be too much trouble to go out a block or two to other trees. I suppose ten thousand people slept on the ground that way last night.

I heard them singing their monotonous songs far into the night. Early this morning I heard them singing as they went up the slope of the hill past our tent to the little lake about two blocks square. I dressed and went with my lantern to the lake to see what was going on. There must have been a thousand people there, and it was just getting light. They were bathing, and getting water for their morning meal. I asked one of them if it was "penicke pani"—drinking water, and he said "jee" (yes).

Imagine a lake of that size, with water about like that in the Ohio, and no outlet, no rain since I have been here, and perhaps five thousand bathed in it yesterday, another thousand already this morning, and then having Lenore go up, and get a nice pitcher full for lemonade! But this, you see, is India!

There is a holy man down in the bazaar, sitting on a bed of spikes. I saw him there last night about sundown. He had powdered his face with white wood ashes. His hair had been dyed.

THREE MONTHS WITH THE MISSIONARIES

I went down just before sunup to see if he was still there, and found him already up, but sitting on the ground by his little fire.

When I was going over I passed Rioch's tent, and found Janet still in bed. Her cot was out under the front awning of her tent, and her head was sticking out from under the covers. I told her to get up.

Dear Star:

I did get up, pretty quickly too, and shortly after we went up on the talau (lake) bank to watch the people bathing. It was very cold, at least for India, and it made me shiver to watch them go down into the water and come up dripping wet with a vessel full and pour it over their poor little stone gods. After "chota-hazri," (little breakfast,) I went out for a ride on Dr. McGavran's horse. The roads were inches deep in dust and I met numbers of "bail-garries," (bullock-carts,) all going to Bandakpur. We went into the bazaar later and on the way we saw two women measuring themselves on the ground, one after the other, toward the temple. Your father had them stop and got a good picture of them lying flat on their faces. There are rows and rows of little shops in the bazaar. Some have dozens of glass bracelets for sale, others have charms to wear around the neck, and they do have wonderful charms! If you wear one you won't become faint or upset, if you wear another the evil eye won't fall on you. If it does, the charm, a large seed, cracks, but you can mend it again if you drop it in milk. One wonders how much these people really do believe and how much they think they do.

JANET RIOCH.

Well, as I was saying, when I arrived here, there was a button off my vest, so I had Janet sew it on, and when she returned it, she said, "Here is your waistcoat." Then I found that a button was off one of my soft collars—I wear them all the time—so I had her sew that on too.

DAD'S LETTERS ON A WORLD JOURNEY

She may be a very valuable and useful person yet if she keeps on.

There are perhaps 20,000 people here, but not an automobile, nor a four wheeled wagon nor buggy. There are hundreds of oxcarts.

While up in the crowd I interviewed two men who had been nine days in coming here. They had carried holy water from a certain river all the way, walking. They poured it on the gods this morning. They got some water from the sacred well here, and will carry it all the way back. Another crowd of about twenty-five came three days in oxcarts. They are camping within half a block of our tent.

"Your father says that I am to leave a line or two for him to say Amen. So I have all the rest of the room. It was ever so good of you to write a letter to me so that I would get it when I got here. I got it when we arrived in Hatta on the 11th of January. That was certainly a great day for us. I know you must be looking forward to seeing your father again. You must miss him dreadfully. Give my love to your mother and the girls and keep lots for yourself."

Lovingly,
JANET.

Amen, Star:

Your letter to me in appreciation of mine did me a lot of good. It was so kind and thoughtful of you to write that kind of a letter. Your whole letter was great. I love you bahut—big.

Dad.

THREE MONTHS WITH THE MISSIONARIES

Mungeli, February 2.

Dearest Girls:

I had two very interesting experiences on my way back to Bilaspur. When I arrived at Katni, the junction point, I only had fifteen minutes to change. I went in the dining room of the depot and asked them to sell me a lunch. They told me to get on the train and they would send it over. Soon along came a chap with a big pile of something as tall as a bushel basket, all tied up in nice white cloth. He put it under my seat, told me he would have to ride third class. I was riding second class. That fellow went down the line until six. When the train stopped he came in my compartment, opened up the food, served me soup, about four other courses, and rode to the next station while I ate, serving me on the way. He then got off and caught the next train back. And all for the regular price of the meal at the station! How's that for India!!

Here's the reverse of it. I was due in Bilaspur at 1:30 A. M. The train stays there the remainder of the night. We arrived at two. Moody was not there, so I concluded that it was planned for me to sleep in my compartment till morning, so I lay down and went to sleep again, with my nice big Norwood rug over me. At five o'clock someone stuck a lantern in the door, and said: "Sahib, Sahib, it's Sidney." Sidney, one of the evangelists was there with a tonga after me, as Moody's motorcycle was out of commission. I went to the bungalow and got to bed for the third

time, at half past five. They had told the watchman to call the syce and evangelist at midnight, so they would be sure to meet me. But he overslept, called the syce in a hurry, forgot the evangelist, came to the depot about three, did not see me, went back again, called the evangelist, and got back at the said hour of five. How's that!!

Here is another. Moody started out here to Mungeli with me last night about seven, on his motor cycle, thirty-two miles. We had wired them we would arrive about nine or ten. The machine went well until we were within six miles of Mungeli, and then it stopped. We had no lamp, nor matches, so when a buffalo cart came along, we got some matches from the man, also some oil for a torch, and we fooled with that bloomin' car until 11:30 and it still would not go. A man said he would push the car into town, and we rolled up our trousers to keep them out of the dust, and started in on foot. The moon was almost directly over head, in fact a little north of us so that our shadows fell slightly on the south side. We met a policeman on the way, who guards six miles of road at night. He told us that Mr. Saum and some of the Indians were about two miles out of town waiting to give us a welcome. We walked on, and on, and on, every mile seemed to be made of India rubber. We finally reached the bungalow at one o'clock.

Saum had stayed out till twelve and had given us up. He said he spent the last hour trying to explain to his men about ice and snow,

THREE MONTHS WITH THE MISSIONARIES

and how we can cross a river on ice with a team. They have never seen ice nor snow here, and can hardly understand it at all.

It has not rained since the first week I was here, the wind has not blown enough to run a windmill in all that time. It is good that the wind does not blow as it would be awful with all this dust and no rain.

I am to be at Mungeli for nearly two weeks, and then comes the convention. This is the last station. When I see this I will be clear round the circle. I will have been full three months at it, and I think I have seen most everything that has been going on. I know the missionaries, the evangelists, the teachers, the Bible women, the cooks, the syces, the sweepers, the personal history of every cat, dog, horse, buffalo, ox, and cow in the whole mission.

I also know several crocodiles on sight that I have been unable to get a shot at. One fellow about as tall as Lenore, stays in a little lake four miles west of Bilaspur. It happens that I have passed there several times and I have seen him every time, but he is a shy and wily boy. His hide would make fine handbags. Then there is "old Stubby" who lay out in the sun on the edge of the bank sound asleep until I had taken off my shoes and walked up a block and a half in my socks so as not to disturb him. I got right close, peeked around a great tree, finally saw where his eye was, cocked my gun, slipped it around the tree craftily, without a bit of noise,

slipped my head around still more carefully, and just as I was beginning to get aim, he splashed off into the water. He has a stubby tail.

Then there is old "Wideawake" who lies out with one eye open. On Saturday as we were coming in, I went over there again and finally saw him on the shallow side of the lake, out in the grass where the water is about six inches deep. The only way I could get close to him was to wade out. There was an old horse eating out there so I pulled off my shoes and socks, pulled my trousers up to my knees, and started for him with the horse directly between us. I went down in mud and water half knee deep, but kept on, and when I was two thirds of the way the fool horse ran off and woke him up.*****

This is evening of February 2d. I have been around all day with Miss Stella Franklin, sister of Josepha. She is in charge of the schools here. When I arrived at the school, I found a big "Welcome" sign over the gate. Little bamboo poles stuck up about every ten feet from the gate to the building. On them were little pennants of tissue paper. They were put up in my honor. I examined the school, the five classes, heard them sing and recite some Bible stories.

Later. *****

As I was writing I was called out in the front yard at the request of the Indians. It was dark, and I saw a big crowd with torches and banners. All along the front part of the lawn little lights

THREE MONTHS WITH THE MISSIONARIES

were burning, and on the fence between our bungalow and the church were also lights. They are made of earthen cups, burned like brick. These cups are about an inch deep and about as large around as a tea cup. In these cups they put a raw Indian oil and a short wick, and light it. At a distance they look much like small electric lights. So all these lights were going in honor of my presence, about one hundred and fifty of them. When all was ready, the crowd started down the walk singing "Onward Christian Soldiers" in Hindi. When they came up in front of the porch they stopped and sang several other songs.

It was an interesting crowd. All the school boys and girls, the native Christians, the evangelists, the hospital assistants, etc. One of the men had a baby on his head, another baby was astride his mother's shoulder, holding on to her head, another was astride its little sister's hip, the typical Indian way.

Then Hira Lal, the chief assistant at the hospital, who is the leading Christian in the Mungeli work, made an address of welcome to me in Hindi, and Mr. Saum interpreted to me. It made me feel good to have such a welcome. This town is away out in the country so far that not many travelers venture out here, so it is a big occasion to them to have any one of "prominence" come to see them.

This is Tuesday morning after chota-hazri. Last night in the middle of the night I heard a

dog barking. It was the dog of this house, Kalu by name. Mr. Saum has a rule that Kalu shall not bark by night. I soon heard him after the dog, and an unearthly yell broke in upon my ear, and ascended to heaven. He was giving the dog a few lessons in dog etiquette and pressing the lesson home with a bamboo stick.

Kalu's mother's name was Trixie. She was owned by Mr. Sherman, a missionary who is now in America. When little Kalu arrived she was given to Hazel Cunningham. When the Cunninghams went to America, little Elizabeth Moody inherited Kalu. Kalu was a rather incorrigible dog, so Mr. Moody became impatient of ever having her take on a Christian education, and threatened to shoot her. Mrs. Moody therefore, being tender hearted, gave her to Edith Saum who is eleven, and Kalu made the long trip to Mungeli.

Kalu is a black and white and reddish brown dog. Her tail from the dog part, and half way to the end is coal black, and the last half is white. Her dogly bosom and up to half way on both sides is white, and then on top there are streaks of black intermittently, like the stripes on a tiger. Her nose is white on the end, and part way back the reddish brown begins and runs off around her eyes, and ears and the top of her head. Some dog! But her bark I cannot describe.

Tomorrow I am to take to the woods. There are villages in every direction where there are Christians and we are to visit them all in the

THREE MONTHS WITH THE MISSIONARIES

next two weeks. The roads are not good out here, so most of the trips will be on horseback. Dr. Crozier said if I wanted Ajax she would send him out. I sent word by Moody to have him sent on Thursday, so I will have a decent horse to ride anyway.

The Indian gentlemen of Mungeli have just sent over a letter inviting Mr. Saum and me to play tennis at their club at five this afternoon. The advanced Indian gentlemen are refined and cultured and as polite as any men to be found in America. One man Moody and I called on, on Sunday afternoon, has studied law for four years in England, and another has written several books. He has also figured out a plan for finding out any day of the week as far back as 1793.

He explained the plan to us, and gave us each a copy of it. If you want to know on what day you were born, or Abraham Lincoln, follow those directions, and you can get it without fail. This man had us stay for tea, his son served us, and put the cream and sugar in his father's cup for him. The women folks did not appear. That would have been out of place. This man was at Bilaspur when Miss Kingsbury arrived and called on her and gave her greeting. He has been a constant friend of the mission ever since, although he has never become a Christian.

Bilaspur, February 12.

Dearest Eight:

I will have to put the last part of this letter first. It might well be entitled "How I Snared Mr. Widewake." I wrote you in my last letter about my crafty friend, Mr. Crocodile. When I started from Mungeli on Ajax, I began to plan my campaign on old Mr. Widewake. The two coolies had started early in the morning with my baggage, as that was the best way for me to get it back to Bilaspur.

You will remember that I have been chasing old Widewake on five different occasions. Once he slipped off when he *saw* me, once he slipped off when he *heard* me, another time when I came out from behind the tree, he *sensed* me and away he went. I knew it was my last chance to get him.

After a three hours' ride I reached the village. I took my gun, walked over to the lake, and peeped over the bank. Sure enough, there he lay on the north bank. They always lie on the north bank of a river or lake, where the warm sun can shine directly on them. They lie with their tails up on the bank and their heads right at the water's edge. In this way they can slip in in an instant. There old Widewake lay, true to form in every respect, with his long tail stretched up the side of the bank. I walked on tip toe around to the corner of the lake about one hundred yards below him. There I removed my shoes, and my coat. I then

THREE MONTHS WITH THE MISSIONARIES

went fifty yards out to get to the opposite tree beyond him. While out there I cocked my gun, so that the noise would not waken him. As I walked along I took my fountain pen and pencil out of my left hand vest pocket, and put them in my right hand pocket, so they would not in any way interfere with my gun.

As I approached the tree making no more noise than a cat would make slipping up on its prey, I wanted to cough and sneeze and scratch my back and my nose. But I kept right on. When I stuck my head up over the bank I did it so that I could see his tail only. In this way he could not see me for the tree, and I could guide my footsteps by keeping an eye on his tail. At last I was behind the tree. I was a trifle excited. I stood by the tree in perfect silence while my nerves had time to calm down to normal.

From my hiding place I could see about twenty boys sitting on the high bank at the end of the lake, about one hundred and fifty yards away, their necks craned, watching the proceedings. I knew then that these Indian boys would be greatly disappointed if I missed.

I gave myself a little lecture. I told myself not to shoot in a hurry, not to make a noise as I got around where I could shoot, and not to flinch just as I pulled the trigger. Having gotten the acknowledgment of my own mind that I would not do any of these things, I was ready for the next step. You see up to this point every step of the way was exactly as I had anticipated. I very

carefully stepped around to the side of the tree. I poked the gun around the tree and tried to take aim. But the tree was so large that I could only see the middle part of his body. So I had to back up, flatten myself against the tree with my back in, and my face out, and take thus two steps forward. It took some time to do that without any noise but finally I was far enough forward, with nothing sticking out except the tip of my nose. I again poked my gun very carefully around the corner of the tree, and took aim. It looked as if I had perfect aim, but I lifted the gun up to see if I was aiming too low, then down to see if I was too high, and I had it exactly on the right spot.

The next step was to hold steady and pull the trigger. So I said, "Star will not get that grip if I jerk quickly, and pull off my aim. Moody will not approve if I miss after getting in such a good position. And furthermore the old crocodile will laugh at me if he gets away for the sixth time." With all these thoughts in mind I said to myself that I believed I could shoot the eye out of a mosquito at forty yards. The time had come therefore to press the trigger. As gently as it could be done, yet firmly I kept the bead right on his neck and pulled. Bang! Thud!

Old Mr. Wideawake threw his upper jaw wide open, bowed his back, flopped around with his head away from the water, his tail down in the lake. Having made this last final effort he gave up the ghost. By the time he was turned around, that crowd of men and boys was there,

THREE MONTHS WITH THE MISSIONARIES

jumping and pointing and keeping shy lest the old fellow should open his mouth in a farewell gasp. So ladies, your Dad has snared his second crocodile. He measured eight feet long, and Mr. Moody thinks his hide will make a grip all right. If it will, Star shall have it to take to college when she is ready.

Now having given you a lesson in crocodile psychology I will go back to the earlier part of my past week. I visited the hospital and leper asylum. I made a speech to the lepers. They seemed very glad to see me. They got out their musical instruments when the meeting was over, and sang and played for me. One song was the singing of the Ten Commandments.

They are nearly all Christians and have Sunday school and communion every Sunday. One of the lepers has been a teacher and preacher. He acts as the head man in the leper church. Some of them had made the confession and one afternoon they took fifteen of them down to the river near by and they were baptized. They have a custom out here of cheering for Christ and the church. They say, "Victory to Jesus." When the baptising was done and the prayer over, all the lepers joined and gave a loud cheer, "Victory to Jesus." Eight boys from the boarding school also were baptized the same day.

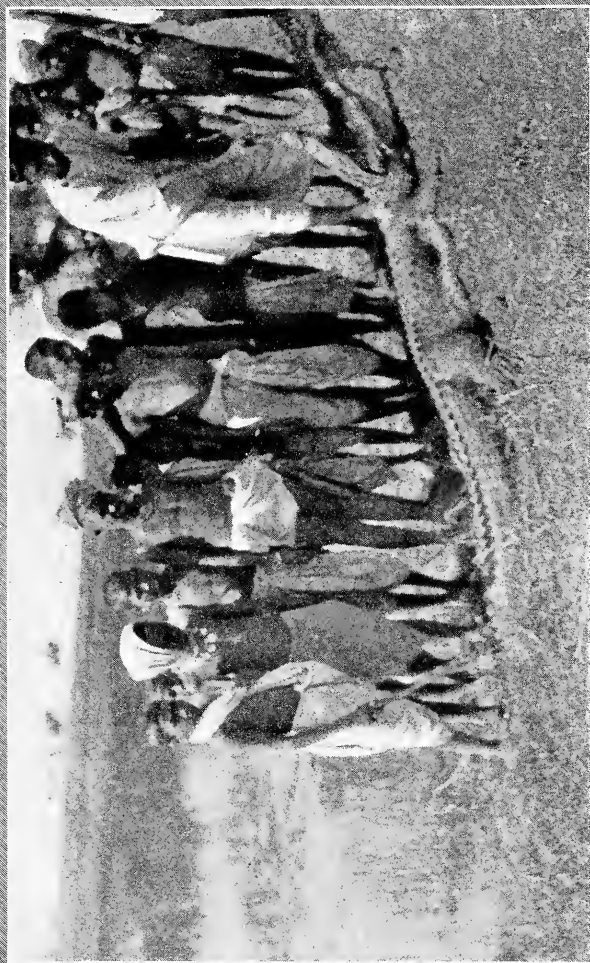
I took a long tour with Mr. Saum into the villages. One night we stayed in a church, where he had sent the coolies ahead with our bedding.

We rode over the fields and across the country about seventeen miles beyond Mungeli.

Ajax certainly was a great blessing to me, as he is sure of foot, pretty, and gallops easily. One night we stayed in a school house. Early the next morning when I was ready to shave, a crowd of school children gathering for the early morning school wanted to see the show. I had my mirror hung in the door to get the light, and they sat down a short distance away to watch me. I had the cook bring me some warm water. Then I said to the kids, "Dekko, dekkko." Which means, "See, see." I showed them the little piece of shaving cream that comes out. I let them see me rub it on until my face was all white, and you should have seen their faces and eyes. They watched me strop my razor and shave. Then they watched with wonder as I washed my face with soap, and dried it with a clean towel. I showed them my tooth brush, the paste as I squeezed it out, and how I brushed my teeth, and how white they were when I had finished. I never saw a crowd take in a lecture on cleanliness with more interest than they did.

I took my mirror out in the sun and made the reflection jump on the side of the house, the ground, and on their faces. Also let them look at themselves. By the time I had finished there were twenty-five school children present, several men, and a half dozen women in the neighboring yards looking on.

Let me try to make you understand a little



Mr. Wideawake Caught at Last

THREE MONTHS WITH THE MISSIONARIES

as to how these children live. Begin at night when they go to bed. They do not put on any "nightie," as they have none. They lie down to sleep in the same clothes or lack of clothes that they wear during the day. Most of them do not have a bed, so they roll up in a blanket on the floor. They do not wash their feet when they go to bed, as the floor and the blankets are as dirty as they. It is a dirt floor.

When they get up in the morning, they do not wash their faces, at least most of these had not. Nor had they combed their hair. Their mothers do not seem to care how they look.

They go to school without any breakfast. I asked nineteen of them if they ate before coming to school, and only two had had any food. They get only two meals a day. There is no public library, no movie, no wide street, no green grass, no yards, no stores, in these small villages, nothing but mud houses, and narrow dirty streets.

It is a good thing to have the women go to the fields to do much of their work. I should think they would go crazy in those little low houses. In most of the small villages there are no schools at all, so the boys and girls grow up without ever seeing a book, or learning anything that would elevate their minds and hearts.

But you would be able to tell the difference with your eyes shut, between the Christians and the Hindus. It is manifest on every hand. Saum and I met a woman on the road, with a basket on her head. As soon as I looked into her face, I

DAD'S LETTERS ON A WORLD JOURNEY

said to Saum, "I'll bet five dollars that woman is a Christian." He told me that she is, and that she is the wife of a certain man three miles away, and that they are both faithful. There is a great job yet to be done in India.



A WEEK IN THE JUNGLE



A WEEK IN THE JUNGLE

Jungle Camp

March 7.

My Dearest Star, Roma, Lenore, Violet, Beth, Elaine, Arlene, and Eunice:

You cannot imagine where I am sitting as I write this letter. Away out in the jungle ten miles from Damoh, on the banks of a little stream, with rocky bottom, and big overhanging trees almost touching each other. My tent is pitched under two big trees.

Alexander said I ought to take a week off, while he gets ready to go with me to see other missions. So here I am, and I will try and give you the atmosphere of this wonderful spot, and of the surrounding country. Come, travel with me for a week in jungle land.

First you must meet my jungle companions: Mr. Benlehr, missionary from Damoh. He has in charge the Damoh farm, and the workshop. He is said to be the craftiest hunter in the India Mission. We all call him Ben for short. Mrs. Benlehr, Cora by name, is one of the homiest women we have in India. She is a good cook, good-natured, and does everything she can to make our trip happy and successful. She knows

birds, and animals, and loves to be out in the open. Robert Benlehr, about seventeen, a chip off the old block, tall and strong, a good hunter who loves the sport. Helen, eleven, a sweet little girl, bright and keen as a new rupee. That's the whole family, and they are in a big tent, about fifty yards from mine.

We have a cook, water carrier, guard, and four boys from the orphanage—all big boys about eighteen—two yoke of oxen, Robert's horse, and two bicycles. Also the rifles, and shot guns. Robert and I got an early start on

Thursday morning.

We were on the road soon after sunup to get out here, and do some hunting before breakfast. The rest of the family came later, put up the tents, got breakfast about 11:30. Robert and I stopped at some great hills about two miles from camp, staked out his horse, and my bicycle, and took to the hills for big game, the sambar. I have already told you that the sambar is the king of that kind of game in India. When you talk of shooting deer, black buck, and chital out here, before you are through someone will say, "Have you gotten a sambar yet?" If you say "no," they put you down as one who has not yet had the greatest experience in jungle shooting.

The sambar is much like a great reindeer, with long sprangly horns. He is a tall stately fellow, walks like a king, and has a fine coat of brown. The female has no horns, but she is a

beauty, nevertheless. The sambar goes to the valleys at night to eat and drink, but in the day time he takes to the hills to lie up in safety. The bigger the hill, and the more rocky the ledges, the surer you are of finding him. So you see the man who goes to hunt down the sambar, match wits with him, has a rocky road to travel.

When we started into the jungle, it was planned for me to keep up on the hill about two thirds of the way so I could see everything to the top, and about half way down. Robert took the bottom so he could see the rest of the way up the hill. In this way we could pretty thoroughly cover the whole hillside. We were to whistle a long low whistle now and then, so we could keep even, as it was impossible to see each other except occasionally. We were to hunt that whole hill to a point about two miles further down.

We had just gone round the first great curve, when I heard a loud clatter before me, and several sambar went thundering over the rocks, rustling through the dead leaves, and bumping their horns against the limbs. It is a wonderful noise, like the rush of a mighty army. I whistled to Robert, and up over the hill he went after them. Soon he saw a big fellow with long horns, and shot at him. You should hear the sound of a gun in the forest. It rings out in a clear loud tone almost like a bell. Then you soon hear the echo, and now and then a re-echo. But Robert missed, and there was more thunderous clatter,

as they hustled out. We went back to our program again, and covered two thirds of the way, stopping every now and then, and listening intently, to see if we could hear them walking, or moving. Soon I heard some below me, and I got behind a tree, and sure enough, they were moving away from Robert, and coming up in my direction. I didn't move a hair, and at last out came two does right near me. They were large stately ones, tall and graceful. They passed, and I heard others coming up, so I stood waiting breathlessly in the hope that one of the others would be a male. But two calves came up, and another female, and that was all.

We hunted to the end of the hill, and back on the other side, but all I saw was several large peacocks, and some birds called "Seven Sisters." When we got back to our bicycle and horse it was nearly twelve, and we had covered about six miles of hill country, both rocky and jungly. That means that we had to crawl through some places, go stooped over in others, pull through the briery places in others. Just when you want to hurry through, the briers stick to your topi, jerk it off if you don't have the chin strap down, and usually stick you in two or three places. We both came out with bloody places on our hands. On a little bush about two feet high, near the bicycle, was a little slip of paper in a split place. It said, "Sa-laam, hunters, if you are hungry, come to camp for breakfast." Ben had ridden over, saw our

wheel, and went on, leaving the note. When we got to camp Mrs. Ben and the cook had a fine breakfast and we certainly did it justice. After breakfast, I heard that there was a crocodile down stream about two miles, so I went down to try my luck on him. Ben and Robert went along, and sure enough we heard the splash of the old crocodile, but did not get to see him. Robert and I kept along the stream and farther down some boys herding told us that two wild dogs had just gone into the bushes. We hurried in and finally saw them. They kept going, and we following, but we could not get a shot, as they went in and out among the trees. Finally we separated, and kept hurrying so we could see them. I, at last, saw one lying down under a bush. I was so nervous and excited and hot that I shot too soon and missed.

We went back on the other side to find the crocodile. I slipped up and peeked over and saw his tail, so I knew he was out. I backed up, to go around to a big tree where I could get a shot at him. When I was about half way there, an impudent monkey ran out of some bushes, made a face at me, and skipped over to the edge of the bank. He found another monkey and they jumped into a small tree and began to fight, when splash! The crocodile heard the noise and off he went. I felt like shooting both of those monkeys. Robert threw some rocks at them, and they went skipping from tree to tree.

Back to camp for tea. Tea is a great institu-

tion out here. It is really a necessity. The dry warm climate sort of bakes a person out, so that it takes a lot of food and drink to keep up. We drink about four to six cups of tea at each meal. After tea we went up some hills and valleys nearer camp and hunted till dark, but saw nothing. As we came back, the great gray Indian moon had risen, and lighted our way through the jungle. We heard the call of the leopard several times, a call like the jungle call you have heard them give at the Zoo, only it sounds more wild and creepy to hear him after night in the jungle, when you know he is not behind iron bars!

Totals for the day: Got no game at all. Saw several sambar. Saw two crocodiles. Ben saw two black buck. Saw two wild dogs. Plenty of pea fowl. Rode on bicycle about twelve, and walked altogether about twenty miles, and had a lot of good experience.

Friday.

Got up at five, had chota hazri, and were on our way to the jungle soon after sunup. Robert and I went ahead to sit by the road where the animals cross, while Ben and the boys came up from the river in a wide path to drive them along. As we sat there waiting, it seemed to me that there were a thousand different kinds of birds singing their morning hymns of praise. We were not in the places where the sambar crossed. One long horned fellow crossed above me, and

about ten below me, and at least ten or a dozen on each side of Robert too far to shoot. That meant that we had to roll up our sleeves again, plunge into the jungle, and hunt them out. We hunted up one long hill. About ten does came out, but no bucks. We hunted another hill. A doe came out right close to me. We hunted down another hill, but no game. Then we started down the last hill on our way back to the road, and home. Robert was on top, I was half way down, Ben and the boys at the bottom. When we were near the end, out ran a big buck, thunder, clatter, down towards Ben. He stopped within fifty yards of Ben and bang went the gun. In a moment another shot rang out. Then Ben's "yo-ho," and we knew that sambar number 1 was accounted for. He had fine big horns. Ben said he would give his hide and horns to me. I told him "nothing doing," that I would take only what I had killed myself. There is another day coming. After getting him ready, and sending a boy after the oxcart to bring him in, we started to finish the hill. We saw a herd of twenty or thirty wild pigs, but could get no shot at them.

We took a rest, had tea about four, and went out to a different jungle to hunt again. Ben and I were sneaking along when we heard a noise in some bushes. We stooped over and saw a lot of wild hogs going out. I sat down, and one old fellow stopped, turned around, and looked right at us. His big ears were spread out, and he cer-

tainly looked ferocious. I took good aim, and let him have it. Over he went "like he had been shot with a gun." He had. When Ben was sticking him he saw two bullet holes, and then we discovered that we both had shot at exactly the same time, neither of us knowing the other had fired. So credit me up with one half of a wild boar.

Totals for the day. One sambar for Ben, and a wild pig between us. It was my only shot of the day. Walked about fifteen miles, and rode about twelve on the bicycle.

Saturday.

An old Rajah lives off about eight miles from our camp. Ben had asked permission to go over into his jungle and shoot chital. He sent us word to come, but that his elephant was out of commission and he could not send for us. So we went on our wheels, partly on good roads, partly on bad, partly on high rough paths through the fields where it was hard to walk, let alone ride. But we went.

When we got to the river, a boy in a hollow log canoe rowed us over, pushing the canoe with a long bamboo pole. We took along some sandwiches and raw tomatoes, thinking we might not get back for breakfast.

We had not been in the jungle five minutes before up jumped a herd of twenty or more chital. The chital is the spotted deer. He has spots much like a leopard. He is bigger than the

ordinary black buck. He is also much shyer. The black buck goes into the wheat fields in the day time, and you often get him there and just in the edge of the jungle. The chital goes into the wheatfields at night and back into the heavier jungle in the day time. His horns are large and sprangly and when it comes to beauty, he takes the blue ribbon.

Well, we stalked those chital for about an hour, and finally we saw an open space where it looked as if they were going to cross. I sat down where I could cover the space with my gun, and waited. Several does went across, and then a big buck, but he did not stop. Then came a large long-horned buck. He walked out in the middle of the open space, and as luck would have it, stopped and began scratching himself with his horns. I took good aim and let him have it. Hurrah! Down he came. My bullet had gone absolutely true, and my first chital in forty-two years came tumbling down. Ben skinned him, his hide is already sent off to be cured, and I am having his horns removed to bring home with me. They are thirty and a half inches long.

When we started home it was dark. We got a man with one of those little Bible lamps with a rag wick in it, to show us the path. We walked, and walked, and walked, and walked, over all kinds of paths, and at last came to a path which led to the good road. But it had dirt five or six inches deep. It had not rained for nearly six months, and the travel of oxen and

carts on the road makes the dust dreadful. But the redeeming thing about it is that it does not blow. We would ride a hundred yards in deep dust, have to get off, walk, ride again. The moon came up and after a long time we struck the good road, and got home about a quarter of ten. Supper was ready. Robert had gone into Damoh instead of going with us. When he came back he had killed two pea fowls. We had one for our supper, and there was not much left of him, when we finished.

Totals: One chital, and nearly a hundred seen. A lot of monkeys seen, and several pea fowls. Walked at least fifteen miles, and rode on bicycles about fifteen or twenty. Great appetite, and fully appeased.

Sunday.

I have told you of our camp. It is now afternoon. Several boys have been chasing monkeys around the stream nearly all day. The Indian boy and the monkey are mortal enemies. The boys grind their teeth at the monkeys, which makes them very angry, and they will sometimes jump at the boys. The little baby monkeys cling to their mother's breast with all four feet and tail, and the mothers jump from limb to limb, and those little babies never fall off. It is a great sight to see them jumping from one tree to another.

This has been a quiet, restful day. We took an inventory of the birds we saw this morning,

and for the last three days. It seems hardly possible. but here is the list. If I had had no shooting at all, to have *sensed the jungle*, to have seen the animals, and to have heard the birds sing, and seen their many colors, would have been worth the trip here. It has been very helpful and restful even though I have walked seventy-five miles the last four days.

But to come back to the birds. I wish I could take their pictures with their colors, but that of course is impossible. But use your imagination, and maybe you can see some of them. 1. Vultures, black, white, brown. 2. Pea fowl. 3. Black partridge, like a quail, but three times as large and good. 4. Crow. 5. Raven. 6. Sarus crane, six feet tall, and very large. 7. Water hen. 8. Ducks, three kinds. 9. Green pigeons, three varieties. 10. Kingfisher. 11. Magpie. 12. Water wagtails. 13. Purple honeysucker. 14. Mina, with black and white wings. 15. Seven sisters. 16. Green bee eater. 17. Minavets, rose colored breast. 18. Shrike, butcher bird. 19. Red Start, red breast and brown tail. 20. Munia. 21. Parakeet, green all over and a variety of parrot. 22. Owls. 23. Hawks. 24. Fan-Tailed Fly Catcher. 25. Lark. 26. Roller, Indian Blue Jay. 27. Crow Pheasant. 28. Hoopoe. It says in the Bible somewhere "The hoopoe shall make her nest there," when it speaks of the destruction of Nineveh. Look it up. 29. Bulbul, black head and brown body. 30. Woodpecker, three varieties. 31. King crow, with boat shaped tail. 32. Snake

bird, sometimes called the Phoenix bird. He stays in the water, has a very slim beak and neck, and walks or swims under the water, with just his head and neck out, and looks almost exactly like a snake. 33. Night Jar, whippoorwill. 34. Swallows. 35. Tailor bird, a bronze green. 36. Golden Oriole. 37. Quails. 38. Big Snipes. 39. Water Heron, big white birds. 40. Lapwing, white short wing. When they sing it sounds like "Did you do it," "did you do it." Some folks call them the "did you do its." 41. Starlings, salmon colored breasts.

Do you wonder that the jungle has a call to a fellow, who every now and then has the "urge" of the wanderlust come upon him? I know it is going to do me good as long as I am in India, and for a long time after I leave. It is hardening me up in great shape. Salaam, for a new day and some new experiences.

Monday.

And now for a great story. Ben blew the whistle at five, and I was up and shaved and had chota-hazri a little after six. It was to be another day for hunting sambar. We got on our bikes, and went up to the same place where we had watched before. I took my station. Ben to my right, and Robert to my left, each a couple of hundred yards away. I sat down in a ditch by the side of the road, facing the jungle. When I rested on my knees, my head was up over the edge so my eyes could see the whole line. I



The Boys at Damoh Have Exercises Every Morning



A WEEK IN THE JUNGLE

supposed it would be a half hour before they would come up, as the boys had just started in a mile below. I sat down on the ground, with both ears open, and waited. It was just a few minutes after seven. The air was nice and cool, and no wind was blowing. The birds were all singing, it seemed at least a hundred of them. The bugs were also singing, the crickets going strong. Every now and then a leaf would fall, or the slightest wind would stir the dead leaves. It was then my imagination worked over time, and I peopled the jungle in front of me with all kinds of animals. It seemed that every noise was a sambar coming up to me. The imagination, I find, is a wonderful thing in the jungle. When you really see no actual animals, you can conjure up a thousand of them, and have all kinds of exciting chases.

As I was doing all this, I suddenly heard a noise in front. My gun was cocked and ready, up went my head slowly behind the small bush about eighteen inches high. As my head came up, I saw a large sambar doe coming down through the thick trees, at the very spot where I was hiding. But she saw me, for they are keen eyed as any man dare to be. I did not move a muscle after I got my head up, nor did I take my head down. By keeping it there without moving, it looked like a brown stone, with my topi on. But she scooted back up the hill a few yards, turned and looked, and looked. I stayed right there, never moving. And

as my eyes searched the trees, I saw ten or twelve moving about. There were four big bucks among them, all with long antlers. One old fellow had taken the alarm from the doe, and had his head up in the air, his ears out to hear the slightest sound. He stood three quarters to me, behind three trees, and I knew that a shot at him would be too risky. The other bucks were in the bushes, none of them plain enough so I could get a square shot. So the only thing I could do was to wait. And when you sit there with nothing to do but wait and watch, it is about the hardest thing going.

Several of them looked, but I did not move my head, so they at last concluded that they might have been mistaken, and began moving around quietly, but not coming any closer. I could see a pair of horns through the bushes and trees, and maybe a hind leg. Question? Should I risk a shot? Or should I wait for a surer chance? And if I waited, and they ran away, would I not kick myself for not having taken a chance? And would not Ben and Robert be disappointed if I let them get away? You see what a sort of nervous strain it puts on a fellow, when he is not sure what is the right thing to do. One false move would spoil the whole thing. A shot missed would destroy all chance, for they would never wait for another.

After all this, which took at least five minutes, I found that the way I was sitting was impossible, as my legs were getting very tired. I

had to change from sitting on my toes, to get down on my knees, and still keep my head at the same level without moving. So I moved one leg, then the other, but my toes were still bent under. When I got on my knees, I took one hand and slipped it back, and straightened out one foot. Then with the other hand, the other foot. By the time this was done, one old buck had moved down among the bushes nearer my right, but still only partly visible. Then he turned to the left and crossed in front of me, and at the point exactly in front he stopped for an instant. I had my gun on the spot right behind his shoulder, and waited another instant to make sure my aim was right, and that I was not nervous, and pulled the trigger. Hip! Hip! Hurrah!

Down came old Mr. Sambar, the stateliest, craftiest, and strongest animal to be found in the jungles of Hindustan. That is, of the deer or elk variety. He is the acme of perfection, the one consummation "devoutly to be wished" by every hunter who goes into the jungle for big game. I gave the call, and up came Ben and Robert, and when Ben saw the great animal on the ground, he gave out four yells that went rumbling down the hillsides for miles. It was just 7:30 in the morning. Not so bad for an early morning hunt! The boys came up, and they gave another yell. It was a great sight there on the hillside. The brown boys, the sambar, the great hills and trees and rocks, and we three Americans. And it was Roma's birthday! So when I bring the big

horns home, they shall belong to her and me. "Have you got a sambar yet?" "Oh, yes, I got a big fellow, with horns nearly three feet long!"

When we got back Mrs. Ben and the cook had dinner ready, and we fell to and ate ravishly. Totals for the day: Walked about eighteen miles, rode on the bicycle about five miles. *One great Sambar.* We saw a four horned antelope, and a chinkara—small deer. Also several other doe sambars in the big jungle. Oh yes, I forgot to say that we lost our bearings in the big jungle, and Ben climbed a tall tree to discover some land mark. He saw a lake that we knew, and then found our way back easily. We also saw several other birds that I did not have in the other list. Here they are: 1. Harewa, green as the greenest leaves. 2. Snippet, a wader who bores in the mud for his food. White near his tail. 3. Sand grouse, like a prairie chicken. 4. Fish Owl. 5. Iora, yellow and green. 6. Pond Heron. 7. Bandicoot, half duck. Not good to eat, not pretty. 8. Rail, water hen. 9. Doves. Ring dove, mottled dove, little gray dove, rose ringed dove. 10. Coppersmith. 11. Black Partridge. 12. Finch, or ground lark. 13. Sheitpoak, like a big heron, large bill. 14. Weaver bird. He makes the most wonderful nest. A long hallway like the neck of a bottle about a foot long, then makes a bay window in it for his nest. 15. Bengal pitta. Has nine colors.

Item: Mrs. Ben's cook is a Mohammedan. Therefore he will not touch pork She had bacon

A WEEK IN THE JUNGLE

for breakfast yesterday morning, so she had to cook it, serve it, and wash the dishes that had the pork on. He wears black whiskers.

Item: We had chital steak for dinner, also chital brains.

Wednesday.

Jungle Camp, March 10.

Dearest Folks at Home:

I told you in my last that we saw two nilgai, or blue bull. They are a very rare animal, and not all the folks who are in India, or who come to India, get to see them.

Well, Ben figured out a little nilgai psychology. That if they were on that side of the road, they had probably gone across into the fields about four or five miles beyond, and were just returning to lie up on the hills for the day. Also that if they went there *one* night, and crossed the road at a certain place, it was possible that they would do the same thing again. I have heard there is a peculiar psychology of wrongdoing, that a thief or a murderer, will often return near the scene, just to see how it looks again. Police have learned that, and often catch a lawbreaker where they otherwise would not.

Anyway Ben said that Robert and I should go down along the road, and the three or four boys could go into the jungle and make some noise. Where only a few boys go in, it is not called a "honk." I insisted on Robert staying at

the best place, as I had bagged more game than he had, and was anxious for him to get something. He is just a fine big seventeen year old boy, and if my heart leaps with joy when I bring down a fine big animal, what must it be for a boy?

I sat behind some small bushes, cocked my gun, laid it down by my left hand side where I could get it at a moment's warning. It was seven thirty, and another great morning. I waited until eight and nothing came out, when I began to think that nothing would come out. But I had read a pamphlet on tiger shooting, which said that many a tiger gets away, because the hunter relaxes his vigil and the tiger comes when he is not looking. So I decided to watch as carefully as if I had just arrived.

Five minutes more, then a noise in the thick bushes out in front of me. I peered through, and saw the legs of an animal, then two more. They started to my left and as the front one passed a little open spot I saw it was a nilgai. I quickly cast my eyes in front of the animal, and saw an open space about six feet wide near the road. In front of that open space were some big bushes, and I figured that it would stop there an instant to look, before it ran across the road. How my mind worked all that out, is a marvel to me, for I had not anticipated that move. A few days in the jungle seems to make a person's mind work like lightning. It needs to, if you outwit and bring down these wary inhabitants.

So I left the animal, and turned my gun and got good aim at that spot. Here came the nilgai at a fast trot. As I had thought, it suddenly stopped behind those bushes, and then started. Just as it started, I pulled the trigger. Down it came in a heap. The bullet was fleetier than the blue bull, and it struck him within two inches of exactly the right spot. The other two plunged back into the jungle, and as I listened I heard them running towards the left where Robert was stationed. They rarely turn back, but go to the right or left and cross. Within a minute, Bang! went Robert's gun, and he got one also. When the boys came up, and Robert and I got together, there was great rejoicing.

When we got back into camp, Mrs. Ben had packed up, and gone six miles farther, to the junction of two larger streams, where we are to stay the rest of the time. As was to be expected, when Mrs. Ben left, the men forgot the lamps and several other things, which should have been on the first load.

After tea, we went into our new jungle to explore what was there, and get ready for a real hunt tomorrow. The river is about half as wide as the Ohio, but very clear water, rocky and sandy bottom. There is no bridge here, no boat, but there is a crossing of shallow water about knee deep at a narrow place. We had to take off our shoes and wade across. We saw tracks, and other signs of chital, and sambar in the jungle. I saw two doe sambar but that was all.

We did not get back until after dark, and had to wade the stream again. The boys made two fires, one on each side of the table, and kept putting wood on so we could see to eat our supper. They came up and made a little fire in front of my tent, so I could see to get into bed. Great sleep, tent all open, cool nights, blue sky and silent stars.

Thursday.

An old fellow, boatman and guide, brought up a hollow log canoe this morning, and took us across the river. It is a very skittish thing, the boatman and but one man can ride in it. If you shift your chewing gum from one side to the other, it almost upsets the thing. We went into some places where the animals are likely to cross, and let the men go through and make the usual noises. Nothing came out. Another try, and nothing came out. At the third try I was under a great tree, and in front of the tree, and on each side there were some bushes about like that bush in the back yard where we hid the watermelon, only denser and thicker. I sat there, turning my head from one side to the other to watch both sides of the open space. It is very peculiar how my ears have become so acute, that the least noise can be heard. A bird flying near your head stirs up the air and you can hear the rush of his wings.

After a while, I heard a noise down a little dip, which leads into a deep ravine. I could

hear something coming closer and closer up that dip, very quietly, but I was sure it was getting nearer the top, from the rustle of the leaves. The top of the dip was about sixty yards away from me, and soon I saw the long brown reddish hair on the back of a wild boar come into view. How my heart leaped!

Ben and I got one together, you remember, but that did not satisfy me. And here was an old fellow's back just in view. Then out he came, then another, then three more. The one in front was a big fellow, and they started in a fast trot across the space in front of me. I already had my gun on him, just about to shoot, when he stopped and sniffed at a little tuft of grass. That was my chance. I got the aim right over his heart, and as he started I fired. "It's great to see them fall." He tumbled over in his tracks, gave a few quivers and that was the last he knew.

The others, strange to say, turned and charged back into the bushes. When one of their number is killed, they often get vicious. So I reloaded and sat breathless, waiting for them to emerge again. Soon I heard what I thought were two animals, walking very cautiously on the other side of my big tree. I did not dare to move, lest they run away, and I did not dare to sit there if they happened to be wild boars. For they could come from behind the tree, and be within ten feet of me. At last I heard the one in front, coming around to the

left, so I knew the other would follow. That eased me up, for I knew if I got the first one, the other would run. So I pointed my gun at the only spot where he could come. Closer, and closer he came, until I could hear him right behind the tree. My heart was pumping forty miles an hour, but my nerves were absolutely steady. Pit, pat, pat pit, went the feet on the dry leaves. Suddenly I saw a blue black body, and had my finger pressing gently on the trigger, when he stuck his head around the bush and saw me. *Flutter!* he went up over the bushes, his big long beautiful tail spreading in the air as he went. It was a peacock! Just then the hen stuck her head around, and up she went over the trees likewise. Well, as I relaxed, I wanted to roll over and yell. But there was no time for that as another pig might come out. But no more pigs came. The boys tied the legs of the boar together, and carried him into camp with the assistance of two or three forest guides. The guides wanted some meat, and we gave them the two shoulders and one of the sides, and they went away very happy

After tea, Ben said that we must try for a chinkara. The chinkara, or gazelle, is the niftiest little animal to be found in India. It is smaller than the deer, looks much like a deer, but is more skittish, and harder to shoot. It moves around all the time much like Beth does, only with quicker movements. It switches its

tail all the time. The horns do not branch like those of the chital or sambar.

We got our bicycles, and rode out along the road, for they very often are to be found along the road instead of in the dense jungle. We rode three miles along the main road, and saw nothing. Then we went into a side road that leads through a very beautiful stretch of forest, almost as beautiful as Eden Park, only natural trees and forests. We watched both sides of the road, riding slowly. Nearly sundown, and we had seen nothing. But Ben is a wise old scout, and he said that it was bad luck to turn back before you saw what you were looking for. So we ploughed on.

Finally at sundown we saw a bunch of eight or ten on the right hand side of the road. And now, I record the queerest item of animal psychology that I have ever seen anywhere. We stopped, got off, but they ran on ahead of us too far away to shoot. They crossed over to the left side of the road, and we got on our wheels and started after them. Question? Should we ride fast enough to catch up or ride slowly so we would not frighten them? We decided on the latter, although they kept far ahead of us. We rode on, and they ran on. At last we got fairly close, got off again, and I tried to get a shot. But they shied off, quietly switching their tails. We stood perfectly still, as they skitted about. Then the strange thing happened.

The buck, or rather one of them, for there were two, turned and galloped back toward us, about sixty yards from the road. I got my aim on him as he came along. As he walked through an open space between some trees I fired, and down he came. Ben said, "Sahib, you are a first rate hunter, you get everything that comes along."

It was getting dusk, and we were six miles from camp with a chinkara on our hands. Ben cleaned him. Then we took ropes and tied him on the handle-bars of my bicycle. By the time we were ready to start, it was just dark. The moon was not up, so away we went up the road, I ahead, with my eyes feeling out the road, and pumping as fast as I could to get out of this side road before it got pitch dark. I kept right on and on, although I could not hear Ben behind me. I bumped into a stone and nearly went off. I got into the deep dust, and was nearly thrown two or three times. But finally I reached the big road and rang my bell, but no answer. I waited, and after ten minutes Ben showed up. He had left his knife where we had cleaned the animal, and had to go back.

When we got into camp, Mrs. Ben had supper ready, steak from the nilgai. It was great. They say that the head of this gazelle is so rare that I should have it mounted. So I am going to bring both its hide and its head.

Item: Our camp is a wonderful place. My tent is under a great mango tree, which is in full

bloom. The fragrance is delightful. In front of my tent is a tamarind tree, that Ben thinks is 800 years old. They grow very slowly. He thinks the mango tree is over a hundred years old.

Item: Robert has been in swimming, in March, what do you think of that? Helen brought her turtle over from the other camp in a little bag. She took it down to the river, and made a sand box for it, and carried up water and filled it. The turtle had the time of his life. But he was always gearing off towards the river. Once when she sat down to take off her shoes to go wading, the turtle digged and scratched until he went "over the top." Away he skidded into the water with Helen after him. But she was too late.

Friday.

This afternoon when the men came up to get their pay, the leader said, "Don't charge the Sahib too much, as he has helped us by killing these pests." It was a treat to see Ben paying them. They all sat down under a big tree in front of him. He asked each man his name and wrote it down. Then he called the roll, and they answered "here." As he paid them, they all said they would be glad to take less if they could have some meat. They were told they could have some, and as I am writing under another big mango tree, Ben and the men are dividing up the pigs.

They take the long bristles from the top of their backs, and make brushes for sale. Each pig is completely shaved along the back as far as there are bristles. Since I have been writing, a dozen of the men have been to see the typewriter work. They thought it was a wonder, as I showed them the different parts.

We had pork steak for breakfast today about two o'clock. It was from the pig I killed yesterday. We all agreed that the best meat we had had in camp was this pork. It was simply scrumptious. But Mrs. Ben had to cook it, and serve it, as the cook would not touch it. He poured the water, and passed the bread, potatoes, and other things. Ben has taken the lard out of the biggest pigs, and they will have lard for sometime to come. The men are now ready to start with their meat, and they are like a pack of small boys, each wanting to get the biggest piece. Ben has just given them a lecture, and lined them up, and is getting it divided fairly. One fellow just tried to slip away with a whole ham, but had to divide it with another. Now they are off. Some to wade the river, and get home in an hour. Some to go off through the jungle to their villages. Some, no doubt after they get home, will go into their fields to watch all night to keep the animals out of their grain. You see we are really rendering these poor folks a service when we kill off some of these animals, and also give them some of the meat.

A WEEK IN THE JUNGLE

Item: The wheat harvest has begun. The people from the hills are traveling down to the valleys to help harvest the grain. The roads are full of them. The whole family goes, father, mother, and all the youngsters. All the grain of India is cut by hand. These folks cut twenty bundles of grain, and then they get one. Twenty more, and get one. They are paid entirely in grain. As they go and come, they sleep under the trees along the road. They cook their food over an open fire, get their water from the river or the big public wells, and go on their way. Tomorrow we break camp, and my hunting days are over.

Saturday.

When we had had our "little breakfast," Robert and I rode about two miles to the top of a great hill, and left our wheel and horse there. We struck off to the right over a long ridge which leads in the general direction of where we were to have breakfast. We followed that hill for about four miles and saw doe chinkara, and two black buck. We arrived at the creek about three miles below the camp, in the vicinity of the place where I had tried five times before to get that crocodile; the one where the monkeys threw pods and leaves down on me. I had it all figured out just how I would slip up on him. You have to know these crocodiles and their habits before you can get them. This was my last

chance. We walked out from the bank of the river, so he could not possibly hear us.

Robert stayed back and I slipped up without a bit of noise, and peering through, I saw him. He was not lying with his tail up the bank, as they generally do. He was lying with his whole body right along the edge of the water. That meant that unless I got him exactly right, he could, with two swishes of his tail get off in the deep water, and even if I killed him, we could not get him. So I looked carefully for the right spot behind his eye. I had to stand and take an off hand shot, as there was no place to get a rest. I took good steady aim, and pulled the trigger. The gun snapped! It had never snapped before. It is a great gun, and I have gotten practically everything at which I have shot. The snap, of course, was not loud, and the crocodile did not hear it. So I backed away, reloaded as quietly as I could, and slipped up again, like an Indian slipping up on his prey. As the shot rang out, we heard the old fellow's tail begin to lash the water. Three or four heavy lashes, and as the smoke cleared away, I saw that his tail lashes had driven him farther up on the bank. Robert ran like a deer up the stream about a hundred yards where there was a shallow crossing, and waded it with his shoes and clothes on, and came bounding down the other side.

By the time Robert arrived, he had quit moving and was lying with his head and one



"The Boys Began Making Their Little Huts"



front leg in the edge of the water. I yelled at Robert to tie the rope around his front leg, but be careful about his mouth, as they are very hard to kill, and sometimes wake up and take a bite out of a fellow. I took off my shoes and waded the stream, and we pulled the old fellow up into a shady place, and skinned him then and there.

He was a big chap, eight feet, three inches long. We tied the hide on a pole, and put it over our shoulders, and went trekking our way through the forest. We marched into camp about two o'clock, but they did not scold us at all for being late to breakfast.

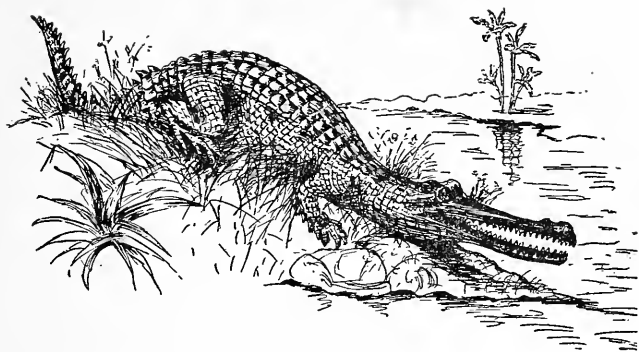
I found out two or three things about a crocodile that I did not know before. He has a thin, transparent skin which he draws over his eyes like a film, when he goes under the water. He also has two holes in his upper jaw near the end, into which fit two teeth of the lower jaw. When he gets hold of his prey and closes in on it, he locks up his jaws with those two teeth so that it is impossible for anything to get away from him. Deliver me from those jaws! But my bullet had done the business with him. It had gone in at exactly the right spot, and had broken his neck in the bargain. It went clear through, and smashed against a big bone on the opposite side. When we skinned around his neck, we found the bullet all flattened out, and I have it to bring home. Three crocodiles, not so bad? But I cannot bring their hides along with me.

It takes about six months to properly tan the hide of a crock, so I will have to leave them here for Moody and Benlehr to bring next year when they come home on furlough.

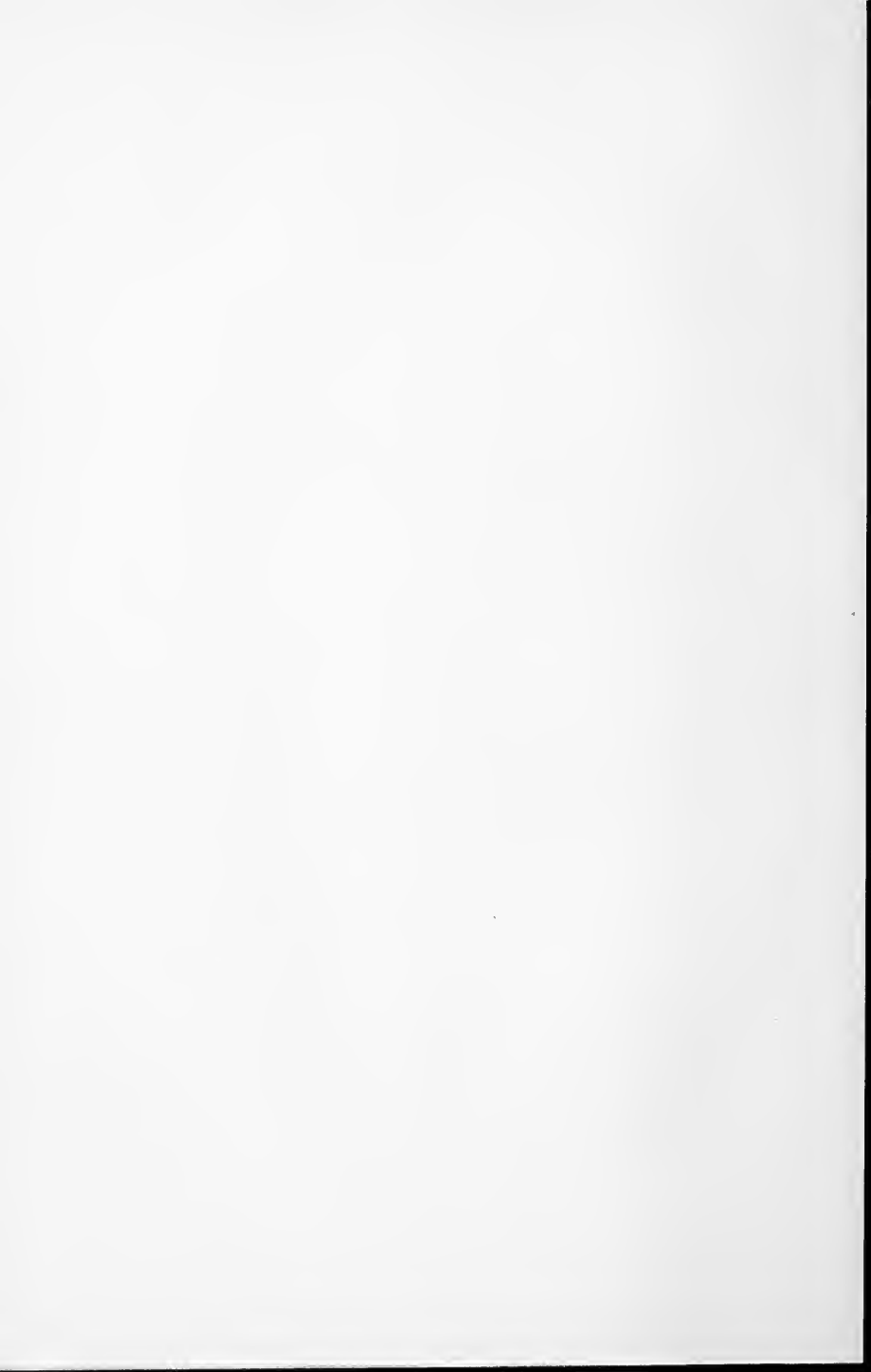
I think I have already sent you a list of about fifty-eight birds we saw. Here are five more. Swallow, Crested Swift, Stork, Wren, Rat-tailed Babbler. A total of sixty-three birds.

Here is a list of animals we saw. 1. Sambar. 2. Chital. 3. Wild Dog. 4. Black Buck (deer). 5. Jackal. 6. Crocodile. 7. Chinkara. 8. Otter. 9. Wild Pig. 10. Four horned Antelope. 11. Nilgai, or Blue Bull. 12. Mongoose. 13. Monkey. 14. Baboon. 15. Brown Squirrel. 16. Chipmunk. 17. Indian Hare. 18. Turtle. 19. Great green Frogs. 20. Flying Fox. 21. Bats. 22. Rats. 23. Panther.

There you have the list of the animals that I shot. I will have the hides, horns, and head of one. Besides that I walked at least one hundred and fifty miles in these ten days. It has hardened me up in a wonderful way. And I have seen the jungle, the great trees, and the wonderful ranges of hills, and the valleys. I have heard and felt the silence of the jungle. My wits have been keyed up as nothing else would do it. You ought to see me now. I have a beautiful coat of Indian tan. But it is likely that I will bleach out on the ocean.



ON THE GLOBE TROTTER'S TRAIL



ON THE GLOBE TROTTER'S TRAIL

My Dearest Eight:

Having finished the jungle, please travel with me into the realms of religion, relics and tombs. Allow me to be your guide. You may pay me what you wish, and if I am a good guide, and show you "everything," then you can give me "bucksheesh." Don't forget that word "bucksheesh." Hitherto you have not heard it much, but now you are to travel the paths where the globe trotters go and it will spring out at you from every turn of the road.

We are now in Benares, the holiest city of India. Home of religion and temples, superstition and dirt. It is called the holy city of the Hindus. The best view is from the river, the sacred Ganges.

"How much for your boat for three miles on the river?"

"Four Rupees."

"Too much."

"How much for *your* boat?"

"What will the Sahib pay?"

"Two Rupees."

"All right, climb in."

We get in a little boat. In fact, a small house boat. Inside, the boatmen sleep at night. It is their home. The upper deck is for passengers.

"Climb up the small ladder please, and let the Mem Sahib take the large chair. Miss Sahibs the smaller chairs. The little Miss Sahibs must sit down or they will fall overboard, and the crocodiles will eat them up. Beth, Miss Sahib, and Elaine, Miss Sahib, sit down please.

Yes, Violet, that is a very large crowd of people at the river. They come down to bathe in the sacred river every morning from about six to nine o'clock. Yes, there is a great host of women as well as men.

That temple, Lenore, Miss Sahib, is the small-pox temple. If you worship the small-pox god you will be cured. So down come hundreds of people with the small-pox to worship at this temple, and to scatter that nice disease among their friends. Very sanitary, isn't it?

That imposing temple, Star, is the Indore hotel and temple. It was built by the Rajah of Indore, a native state about one thousand miles west of here. When his subjects come to Benares on pilgrimage they can find lodging at the Indore headquarters.

Roma, Miss Sahib, do you ask about those long haired, dirty looking fellows smeared over with paint? They are the holy men. See, they are scattered all along the water front, a holy man for every rod of the way. See that dirty old

scamp up on the tower calling out to us? He also is one of the holy men of India, and wants us to come up that way and see his tower, and to give him some bucksheesh. Yes, every lazy long-haired fellow along the way, who calls himself a holy man is a professional beggar in the name of religion.

Chota Miss Sahib Eunice, see that cow on the bank. That is a sacred cow, at the cow temple. Bow your sweet little head, dear, to the holy sacred cow. See her chewing her holy food.

Arlene, you are asking about those large umbrellas. Well, that is the Brahman place of prayer. They are the high caste people of India. They would not defile themselves by touching the low caste people. No one else must defile the water in front of their place of prayer and bathing. They are more wealthy, and have put up these large umbrella-shaped things to keep off the sun in the hotter part of the year.

Mem Sahib, you say there are so many temples? Yes, the whole water front for three or four miles is covered with temples and hotels in connection. We will just take a picture from here, so there will be several temples in the view. But these few temples are only the beginning. There is said to be a temple, a small one, in every Hindu home in the whole city. Also in nearly every place of business. Also, in many public places along the streets back from the river. It is estimated that there are 100,000 temples in the city of Benares alone.

That fine temple we are now passing is the Bengali temple. The widows of the Bengalis cut their hair, and you can see several old ladies at the bank bathing who have very closely cropped hair. That ghat beyond was once the "suttee ghat" where widows were burned alive, at the death of their husbands. That custom was stopped in 1829.

Yes, the water is very nice and clear. It is a wonderful river, as wide as the Mississippi. But look at the sandy beach on the other side stretching out for nearly a half mile. When the rains come, the river rises, covers all that sand, and becomes a very wide river. Why is it called sacred? Because at its source, far up in the Himalaya mountains, it is supposed to come out of the mouth of the god Mahadeo. It must take a good-sized god to spit out that much water, don't you think?

See those little fires just ahead? That is the burning ghat, where they bring their dead to be burned. The Hindus have no burying grounds, as they burn the bodies of their dead. These ghats are used every day in the year. Those great piles of wood are for sale. A man may buy enough wood for rupees 4.8, to burn one body. There, see those two piles of red coals? Those bodies are just about finished. There are two more bodies up on the wood pile, just ready for the fire. We will stop the boat and climb up close and get a picture.

See how simple it is. Just a sheet tied over and around the body, with the face covered. It is laid on top of the pile of wood without any coffin or any other covering. You see the little opening under the center of the pile? That is where they put some dry hay, and then they buy sacred fire from the priest and presto! in an hour or so the job is done. There comes the fellow now with some sacred fire. Look at his face. He seems to be the only one of the family present for the farewell service. He is not weeping, but is walking down deliberately. Now he is putting the fire under it, lighting the hay, now the kindling. He is not shedding a tear, nor making any commotion about the matter. The rest are going about their own business, and seem to be paying no attention to him.

Here come two fellows carrying another body down the bank. Oh, Star, don't you like this? Roma, you say you want to get away? Well, we have seen two almost entirely burned, two on the wood pile, and one starting to burn, and one being carried in. When they are all finished they will scatter their ashes on the sacred river and wend their way back to work again. No undertaker gets a rake-off at these funerals. The folks can't afford it. One sheet, carry the body down themselves, two dollars for wood, an anna for the sacred fire, "and ashes to water," and good bye. It doesn't cost much to die out here!

Next is the Nepal temple, built by the king of Nepal. The golden dome cost Rupees 80,000. That leaning temple dates back before the time of Christ. It is sunk down on one side of the foundation. The next is the Gwalior house and temple, and the next the Nagpur temple, the next the Jain temple with its golden towers. Next is a Mohammedan mosque and tower. The Moslems come here to bathe every Friday. There are a host of others but we must get off the boat now and go to the famous monkey temple in the city.

"Ah Sahib, we have rowed you, have taken you past the many temples, you have a large family, and it was heavier rowing, give us a little more bucksheesh, bucksheesh, Sahib."

"Tonga, Sahib, tonga, sir!"

We will all pile into two one-horse tongas and off we go to the monkey temple. "Hutto, hutto, get out of the way, hey, hup, hup, hut, hutto, hutto, hut boy, hey you beggar clear out, hup, etc., etc.," is the lingo of our driver as we go up the narrow, dirty crowded streets. Oxen, goats, people of every description, tongas coming and going, oxcarts crossing and recrossing, monkeys scampering in and out, beggars running after our tongas and crying out "Sahib, sahib, bucksheesh, my stomach is empty, sahib, sahib, have mercy, bucksheesh."

Get out here, this is the monkey temple. Oh, look at that big fellow. Be careful of him, he is a sacred monkey, and has had his way so long

that he is cross and bossy. He gets angry at times and bites people. "Sahib, buy some popcorn and feed him, and he won't bother you." Here come a dozen other monkeys to help him eat it. There are a dozen more upon the top of the wall; more down around the shrines. See that one take the piece of candy out of the old woman's hand and eat it. There are about a hundred monkeys here, and the god who presides over this temple is the monkey god, Hanuman, by name. Men Sahib and Miss Sahibs, meet Dr. Hannuman, the monkey god of the holy city of Benares. Ugh, won't even shake hands with the Doctor? Shame!

You are getting hungry? Bless my soul, here it is twelve o'clock and we have'nt had a bite since tea early this morning. All right, here is a hotel. What will you have? The same all over the world, on sea or land, where the English prepare the menu. You already know what it is.

Pile in those tongas again. We are taking a five mile ride out in the country to a village called Saranath. Temples, and tombs, always Mohammedan tombs never Hindu, all along the way. Old ruins of the good old days when men built temples to their gods and tombs for their dead ancestors.

We are now in Saranath, which is the old Benares. This is the place where Buddha came out of his buddhahood, and preached his first sermon to the world. The old ruins you see yonder are at the place where he used to do regu-

lar preaching, and this great tower forty or fifty feet high is said to have been his preaching tower, where he preached to thousands of people. And there are a hundred people or more at work excavating the ruins to see what may be found of historic value.

Now we enter the museum of the old relics. See the pottery, made two thousand years ago, and they are making almost exactly the same kind today. The grinding mills are the same now as then. No progress has been made. See the old images of Buddha. The artists who carved these have done very good work. But note that among all these images of Buddha, and hundreds of others among these ancient idols, every one is broken. That is the work of the Mohammedans. When they conquered and overran India, they went into all the temples and shrines, and either destroyed or broke all the gods. In nearly every old temple in India, broken idols and gods will be found.

So you see India is not only the home of Hinduism but also of Buddhism. But India is not a Buddhist country, you say. True, Buddhism has been driven out of India, and its largest number of disciples are in Tibet, China, and Japan. The Hinduism of India reached out like a great jelly fish, laid hold of the Indian Buddhism, and absorbed it. About the only traces left of it are in the museums and what can be seen of its influence on Hinduism.

"Sahib, bucksheesh, I have followed you around among the ruins, and the museum. I am the caretaker here, employed by the government, so sahib, bucksheesh. It is the custom. Ah, sahib, salaam, salaam."

Time for tea. Time for dinner. Time to sleep. Get aboard this second class compartment, and we will sleep while the train takes us to the next stop, the city of Lucknow.

Lucknow, March 16.

Dearest Everybody:

This is one of the places where the mutiny of 1857 was at its strongest. The Indian troops rebelled against English authority, and there was internal war for five months.

The English women were kept inside a place called the "Residency," loyal Indian troops defending them. In the basement of one of the buildings is a deep sub-basement where they stayed. It may be that you remember Mr. Menzies' speech of the Men and Millions movement. He told of a Scotch woman down there, named Jessie Brown, who had a dream that help was coming. She said the next morning, "They are coming, I hear them marching, dinna ye hear it, dinna ye hear it?" And the next day reinforcements came, and the city was saved, along with English authority. Well, I was down in that basement, and saw the place where she, and other women stayed with their children through those long, dreary, dreadful months.

Cawnpore, March 17.

This is the great tannery city of India. Here come hundreds of hides of all kinds from all over India to be cured and tanned. The hide of old Mr. Wideawake was sent here and the other two, being cured for Star's grip. The mutiny was here, and we saw the memorial well, church, and gardens, erected in memory of those who fought and died to maintain British rule in India.

I am in favor of British rule in India. There are some very advanced people among the Indians, but the great rank and file are uneducated as you have already gleaned from my former letters. Hence they are not prepared to intelligently vote, and run a government. The many castes, religions, and languages, so divide the people that self government for the present is simply out of the question.

Agra, March 20.

City of the Taj Mahal

It will be necessary for you to meet and know an old Mohammedan king named Akbar, before you can understand the glory of the Taj Mahal. Meet King Akbar, who lived and reigned some four hundred years ago. He is the grandfather of the man who built the Taj.

"My honor," says the guide, "you should first go to Sikandrah before you see the Taj." So we drove out five miles to see the tomb of Akbar. He is the great king who brought all

India under the Mohammedan regime. He built this tomb for himself before he died. It is a great building, partly of marble, and the tomb itself of white marble like the Taj. The fence around the tomb, is of marble lattice work.

"My honor, Akbar was a great builder. He built this great tomb, he built the Agra fort, he built the whole town of Fatepur-Sikri twenty miles away, where there is a fort and tombs and a mosque. He was a very wise man, my honor."

Akbar had three wives. One a Hindu, one a Mohammedan, and one a Christian, a Portuguese woman who was a Roman Catholic. He must have gotten his cue from Solomon; anyway having one wife from each, pacified all parties and he had peace among his subjects. They say he went to church every Sunday with his Christian wife, to the temple every day with his Hindu wife, and to the mosque every Friday with his Moslem wife. I said to the guide, "But how did he manage to keep these wives from quarreling and fighting?" "Oh, my honor, he was very wise man. He built house for Hindu wife, he built house for Mussulman wife, he built house for Christian wife. They must stay in own houses, cannot see faces of other wives, hence cannot get jealous, my honor."

We went out to Fatepur-Sikri and saw the ruins of an old city great and wonderfully laid out, which Akbar abandoned to build even a greater in Agra. There was the old town and fort, houses there for the three wives, tomb of

his favorite priest in beautiful white marble, dome, lattice work, and other parts undoubtedly the pattern for the Taj itself, and erected before the builder of the Taj was born. There was also a great mosque, in perfect repair, the exact size and pattern of the great mosque at Mecca. Akbar sent his architects to Mecca, got the style, measurements, and built something back there four hundred years ago as good as that in the great Moslem center itself. Rather ambitious, don't you think? Our guide who showed us through was the priest of that mosque, who lectures every Friday when the folks come to worship.

He was a tall, kindly fellow, and showed us the tomb of his great grandfather. He says his family for four hundred years, or twenty-seven generations have been priests. The gate of this old and ancient city is of red sandstone and marble. It is very imposing and magnificent, and said by one Englishman to be the finest gate or entrance in the world. Down on the other side is a great tower called the elephant's tower where Akbar used to sit and watch the elephants and tigers fight. Imitation elephant's tusks stick out like prongs from the bottom clear to the top. Our guide showed the Prince of Wales, now King George, through this wonderful place when he visited India. He has a book full of recommendations of famous people.

Well, we must go back to Agra now and see the fort, the great mosque, the palace, the pub-

lic assembly hall, the private assembly hall, the great dining room, the wonderful bath rooms, which Akbar built. Some of it in white marble. He also built his famous peacock throne, and other great, spacious buildings.

Come with me now away from Agra before we look at the Taj, and go up to Delhi, capital of India, and home of others of the old Kings. Akbar's father Humayun, lived at Delhi, and there is a great tomb for him, laid out on a large scale, white marble, big gates, big mosque. It was here the British took over the final authority to officially rule India. Humayun was a wonderful builder. Then came Akbar, who built, and enlarged during his reign. Then came his son who built other great things in red sand stone and marble. His name was Jahangir, and he strengthened his government, put down any troubles, widened his domains, built up the Treasury, and had the whole thing well organized at his death.

Then came his son, Shah Jahan, who built the Taj. Now get the connection. First, Humayun; second, his son, Akbar; third, his son, Jahangir; fourth, his son, Shah Jahan. Four generations. The three who went before Shah Jahan were great builders, financiers, warriors, and statesmen. When Shah Jahan came in, all was at peace. The pace had been set. The standards had been established. If he built any thing that would be noticed at all, it had to be a hummer, for they had some hummers before he came

upon the scene. So the old boy rolled up his sleeves, spit on his hands and said, "Go too, Shah Jahan, we'll have to get a hump on ourselves." And Shah Jahan built the Taj Mahal, the wonder of the world!

I will not try to describe it. You can read it elsewhere better than I can tell it. Two things of interest about it. I called "A—h——h" as I stood by the tomb of the lady of the Taj. The echo resounded back and forth among those great marble domes and arches for fifteen seconds. The second thing. Her tomb, that is, the marble part, the size of a grave where she lies, is a wonder. It is right in the center underneath the great dome. But when the old man himself died, his son Aurungzeb put him in the Taj beside his wife, and built a tomb larger than hers for him. So the lady of the Taj really, after all, takes second place at her own funeral.

One reason for that was that Shah Jahan did such a good job on the Taj that he sort of got Taj crazy, and decided that he would build another for himself just across the river. So he laid out the grounds and started the foundation, which is plainly visible from the Taj. But the aforesaid son, being the next in line for the throne, saw that if Daddy built another Taj, the Treasury would likely be over drawn when he came to the throne, so he decided the old man was crazy, locked him up and took over the affairs of state himself. He kept the old man a prisoner for a few years, and when he died, in

order to show the proper respect for him, as a dutiful son should, he buried him in the Taj beside his wife. Which explains why the world looks at one Taj Mahal instead of two.

I must tell you one more thing about Delhi. On our way out to see that famous Minaret, a picture of which I sent you last week, we came to a great old observatory, built in 1710. It was built to get the movements of the sun, moon and stars, and has several great buildings all out in the open with the lines and measurements on. It fell into a state of decay and disuse but in 1910, two hundred years after its erection, a native Rajah thinking he might gain a name for himself repaired it.

I presume it was upon condition that he be allowed to put up a tablet telling his title and his deed. At least the tablet is there, and his full title as follows: "Restored in 1910 by the order of Major Gen. His Highness Saramad-i-Ranja-ha-i-Hindustan Raj Rajinder. Sir Maharajadhiraja Sir Sawai Madho Sindhji Bahadur Knight Grand Commander of the Most Excellent Order of the Star of India. Knight Grand Commander of the Most Eminent Order of the Indian Empire, Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order." If your jaws are not broken you may go ahead.

Ludiahana, March 24.

There is a great medical college for women here under the control of the Presbyterians, the

only one of its kind in all India. It and the hospital in connection, and the dispensary in the city, treat over 100,000 patients a year.

I called one afternoon for a few minutes on old Doctor and Mrs. Wherry who came to India fifty-three years ago. They came on a sail boat, the cargo was ice, and they came around the cape of South Africa. Mrs. Wherry was the only woman on board. They were the first Protestant missionaries in the Punjab, the name for this part of North India.

You know about the "week of prayer" held each year in January, for all Protestant missions. Well, that was started away out here in north India, at Ludiahana, in a little church near Dr. Wherry's home. He helped to start it. Is it not wonderful how influences spread until they sometimes touch the whole world?

We were also in Amritsar, where there was an outbreak last year when five white people were killed. There we saw the famous "golden temple" of the Sikhs. They are a fighting sect, that no doubt took their cue from the Mussulmans. They have a holy book, the Granth, and an old priest sits in the golden temple every day and reads it, while another priest stands over him, and waves a "chaury," a sort of wool fan.

We were also at Lahore, and saw the great Christian college with nine hundred students, Hindu, Sikh, Moslem, and Christian. Near Lahore, is another great tomb, that of Jahangir, son of Akbar. This whole northern country is

dotted with great tombs of those who have gone before.

March 26.

Now I come to the last, a very wonderful experience, which I did not anticipate. I have not told you even the beginning of all I saw, but you can guess at the rest. Alexander insisted that I spend the week end at Landour, one of the hill stations, where the women go during the summer heat to keep the children in school, and where the missionaries go on their vacations.

There is a school for missionaries' children. A proposition is up now for us to take out a partnership in it. You see what a wide range of subjects my visit covers. One night's ride from Lahore on the plains took us up to a town at the foot of the Himalaya mountains. It is two thousand feet above sea level. Then we took a Ford seven miles up a gentle slope to a town at the very foot of the mountains, where they really start *up*. No Ford can go the rest of the way.

We hired horses to ride up. It was eight miles to the top. That road is a wonder. In and out, up, and up it goes, over, and around those pine clad mountains, rocky and steep, and wonderful. As we went up those narrow paths, we saw coolies taking baggage up on their backs. There is no other way for it to go.

Great strings of them may be seen coming and going, with all sorts of things on their backs. Trunks, bedding, big boxes, suitcases, four were

carrying a big cupboard. Some were carrying sacks of flour and potatoes, in fact every thing imaginable that men need to live by and with. One fellow was carrying a cat in a box, and a parrot in a cage on top of the box.

One day Alex and I climbed up the last five hundred feet to the very top of the hill where we could see the great ranges beyond. What do you think we saw? About eighty miles distant, the great snow ranges of the Himalayas lifted their hoary heads from twelve to twenty thousand feet. From where I stood I counted thirty snow-capped peaks, which were wonderfully beautiful in the clear sunlight. I never saw anything in the Rockies that could equal it. As the clouds would flit by, we could at times see the shadow of a great cloud on a high peak, then it would pass off, and show clear white against the far horizon.

Beyond those everlasting hills, some two hundred miles or more, lies Tibet. Far up in those mountains somewhere is the source of the Ganges. And sure it is, that the God who fashioned those giant snowy ranges, from whose perpetual snows comes the clear water of the Ganges, is not the little smeared up god Mahadeo, that the Hindus talk about and worship on the plains.

It didn't seem possible that it was I, standing there taking it all in. I, who was reared near the lowly Nebraska sand hills, whose sands used to shift with each passing wind. I, the father of

eight finest girls in the world. I, so far away from them, standing up here on the very pinnacle of the earth, viewing from afar, the finest and highest range of mountains to be found beneath the stars. How good fortune has been to me.

Bombay, April 9.

I have seen something of Bombay while waiting. Yesterday I went out to the Parsis "towers of silence." The Parsis are one of the peculiar sects of India. Zoroaster was their chief mogul. I have forgotten what he believed, and taught, but the Parsis have altered it, no doubt. At least their plan of burying, or rather not burying their dead is different from anything I have yet seen, and to me the most repulsive.

They have up on a high hill, in fact the highest point in Bombay, "the towers of silence." There are five great towers. They carry their dead there, have a ceremony, put the naked body in one of these towers, and let the vultures devour it. The towers have a pit inside where the bodies are put, and the vultures go down in there to do their dirty work. Around the top of the towers sit the great ugly birds, like sentinels of death, waiting for the men to carry in another body.

There are from five hundred to a thousand of them and two hours after a body is put in, not a bit of the flesh is left on the bones. Nothing but bones left, and these are thrown into a deep pit, in the center of the towers, where they

decay and turn to dust. The guide told us that there is an average of three or four funerals a day. The Parsis are a well to do people, fairer than the average Indian; most of the women wear nice silk saris. The men wear a peculiar kind of hat, a sort of slick stovepipe affair without any rim, and it comes to a sort of dome at the top. You can always tell a Parsis when you meet him on the street.

India is quite peculiar in that respect. Everybody tags himself out here. The Parsis has his funny hat. The Mussulman has his red fez. The Mussulman women wear trousers, ugly and without any style. The Brahman wears his mud signs on his forehead. The Bengali goes without a hat. The Sikhs wear a peculiar pugri, or head gear with a little sword on the top. The Punjabi wears a large pugri woven all over his head and dressed down in very fine style. And so it goes. We don't want to be tagged. They do. They are always very happy if they are noticed; always proud to explain that they are this or that or the other.

I am writing this out in the shade of the house near the street. There are fifteen boys lined up on the fence watching me. Most of them are Moslem boys from a near by school, and they all have on their red fezes.



FROM BOMBAY TO BELGRADE



FROM BOMBAY TO BELGRADE

Bombay, April 12.

My Dear Violet:

Here's a "pome" for you:

I sail today with ease, on the Konigin Luise,
It is riding very smoothly on the ocean,
It is sailing with the breeze, out upon the briny
 seas,
With the majesty and poetry of motion.

As I stand upon the deck (eating peanuts by the
 peck?)

It was surely not according to my plan
Yet with garlands on my neck, misty eyes and
 nod and beck

Wave salaams to all the folks of Hindustan.

It is sure a pretty boat, not a prettier one afloat,
Though it has an ugly alien German name.

But the Allies got their goat, also got their
 pretty boat,

And the Union Jack is flying just the same.

It is April twelve today; seven months I hear you
 say

Since I left my wife and kiddies bright and true.

DAD'S LETTERS ON A WORLD JOURNEY

But as I sail away from the harbor in Bombay
I will come as fast as possible to you.

I have got a great big box, full of horns and
hides and (sox),
Packed with other little boxes in the hay.
When you see the hide of fox, and the pretty
little rocks,
You will surely sing ta ra ra boom de aye!

There are bracelets, oh so nice, only cost a
"deshi" pice;
There are necklaces as dainty as can be;
There are rings and anklets thrice (packed as
snug as any mice),
And some nifty things that Ma can use for tea.

There are animals of brass, beads of seeds and
native glass,
Pretty things for all you kids and mother too.
Ah, my pretty little lass, I can hear your yells
enmasse,
When you gaze upon the things I've "brang" to
you.

Oh, 'twill be an opening (land!) as around the
room you stand,
With all your expectations running high.
So when I remove the band of that box so big
and grand,
It will be a happy day for you and (I!)

So I sail along with ease on the Konigin Luise,
She is riding smoothly now upon the ocean.
She is sailing with the breeze on the misty briny
seas,
With the majesty and poetry of motion.

Instigated by the request of Violet, and perpetrated by her Dad just to add a little variety to life.

April 14,
Indian Ocean,
Aboard Konigin Luise.

Dearest Girls:

Here is a letter I am addressing to His Majesty, George V, King of England. You may be interested in it, as it bears up national and international interests.

To His Majesty, King George V,
Buckingham Palace, London.

April 14, 1920.

Dear King:

There are three or four matters that should be called to your attention. The first is the matter of the flat plate upon which your subjects serve dessert at the end of a meal. Last evening for dinner I was served one half of an iced pear upon one of these large plates, the same kind of a flat plate upon which I had been served tough goat, (called mutton on the bill of fare) boiled potatoes and cabbage.

The pear was a small one, the plate was large, and the pear covered such a small portion

of the total floor space of the plate that it seemed like a waste of time to start in on it. Furthermore there was but one spoonful of juice put on the plate, and after the waiter had spilled half of it on my new white trousers there was not enough left to get more than a drop at a time. Now the whole difficulty was simply this; that desserts are not supposed to be served on flat plates.

They should be served in a dessert bowl, a bowl or dish a trifle smaller in circumference than a saucer. Such a dish, of course, has a smaller bottom, and looks as if it contained more than it really does. This is a good psychological point to be observed where so many small portions are served. Another thing, one spoonful of juice is much easier managed in a deeper bowl than on a flat plate.

Now I take it, of course, that the reason your subjects serve desserts in a plate, is that the same is done in Buckingham palace. The reason it is done there now, is that it was done that way in the past. Since they did it that way in the days of James I, or Queen Elizabeth, or perchance George III, who so greatly provoked Patrick Henry, George Washington and other patriotic Americans, of course, your cooks and butlers are still staying in the same old rut.

My point is that there have been some progressive ideas in table service since then, and you ought to know about them. If you would take a stroll down to the department store some day you might run across a dozen, *marked up* for the

spring opening. At any rate you should know that there is such a thing as a dessert bowl, which is better in every way than the big flat plate. Please have them inaugurated in the British Empire.

Another thing. Your English cooks make coffee that is an abomination. I have tasted your poor coffee from Vancouver to Port Said, and it, as nearly everything else in the Empire is standardized. The process has made it forever impossible to get a good cup of coffee under the Union Jack.

Permit me to give you a simple recipe, which you may pass on to your good wife, the Queen. Get a percolator, a good one may be had for \$3.98, or a better one for \$5.98. Put the water in the tea kettle until it is boiling. Put three large heaping tablespoons of coffee in the seivelike affair called the container.

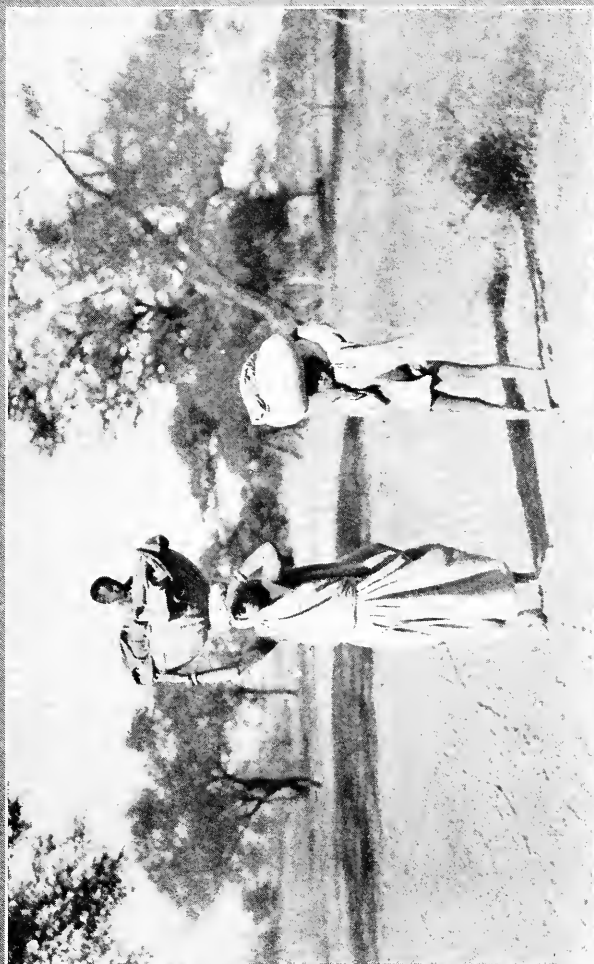
Excuse me. I should have told you a little more about the percolator. It is made of aluminum, very light and handy. Inside, there is a little affair with a seive like cup at the top. It has one long leg. This leg is hollow like a pipe stem and has a little base to it, which is curved up and in so that when the water boils, it goes up through this pipe stem leg and sprays down on the coffee in the container and drips through.

Having put your coffee in the container, and having your water boiling hot in the tea kettle, remove the kettle from the gas stove and put the

percolator on instead. Then pour your boiling hot water slowly down through the coffee, and it will drain into the space below. You will, of course, being a close observer, note the coffee foaming as you pour the water down through. That indicates that the water is doing business with the coffee. After you have filled it up, leave it on the gas for a very few moments, and you will note that the water as it boils, shoots up through the tube, and is visible through a little glass top. When that happens the deed is done, and your coffee is ready to serve.

The Queen of course should have everything ready, sugar, cups—not those little dinky cups that hold about two spoonfuls, but real coffee cups, and a pitcher of good Jersey cream. Put in a spoonful or two of cream and sugar, pour your coffee steaming hot, and lo, you have the finest drink imaginable. You have never tasted anything that can equal it. I take it that you will of course use some good brand of coffee that has been ground not later than last Thursday, so it will still have the punch left in it.

Still another thing. Your people throughout the earth serve such old cheese. Cheese every day, but cheese that was cut last week, always last week. I never yet have seen one that was cut today, or even yesterday or the day before. Why do they have to cut it last week? Is it because the King's butler did it that way two hundred or a thousand years ago? Please send an order out through the Prime Minister, or the Committee on



On the Road to Damoh



International Relations saying that all cheese served under the British flag shall not be carved not later than the day before yesterday.

While I am on the subject of cheese, would you mind also considering a reform on the place in the meal when cheese should be served. As it now is, after we have eaten a dessert on a flat plate, the last week's cheese, and lukewarm coffee are served, so that one always closes the meal with a cheesy taste in the mouth. Now if you could have the cheese course pushed up a little, and let us have the iced pear last, even though it is small, it would wind up the meal with a much better taste.

You will wonder why I should bother you with these trifles. It is because they are not trifles, but paramount issues. And you are the one to introduce these much needed and much belated reforms. If anyone else tries them he will fail, for it will be said that it is not done so at the palace. On the other hand if your butler and your chefs introduce these reforms, and you can bring in the society editors to take note of them, it will get out to Lloyd George before night, or rather Lloyd's wife and she will tell Mrs. Winston Churchill and she in turn will phone Margat Asquith and Lady Northcliffe, and the Viceroy or Governor of Canada, India, South Africa, and Australia will hear it, and before you know how it was done, the whole of the British Empire will be eating fresh cheese, eating dessert out of the proper kind of dishes, and

drinking really good hot coffee. And those who travel on British ships will rise up and call you blessed.

Thus you will have a good natured traveling public, which will go far toward cementing world brotherhood and ushering in the belated program of the League of Nations. Don't wait for any one else to start these reforms, but do it yourself, and at once, and future historians will record that you were a man of original mind, and that you looked after any necessary details of government for the good of the rank and file.

These suggestions are made free of charge, and I hope you will not consider me presumptuous for sending them in. If I had time while in England I might run over and teach the Queen how to make the coffee, but I will be busy with other matters.

I have the honor to be,

Sir

Your most obedient servant,

Dad Wilson.

A TIGER STORY AT SEA

April 15.

My Dearest All:

Now that I am two days out at sea and perfectly safe and you have received my cable saying I am on the way, you will not be frightened if I tell you my *adventures with a tiger*. Mother wrote that she dreamed I got hurt in the jungle.

I was afraid to tell you this story while still in India, for fear you would worry.

You remember the last letter I wrote about my hunting trip with Benlehrs. I told you we saw two panthers on our way in Saturday night. Well, I was awakened that night about one o'clock by several men talking excitedly out on the veranda. I could now and then catch the Hindi word "tenda" which means tiger. Once I heard Ben's voice asking them very carefully about what they had "dekkod" which means seen.

Presently Ben came into my room with voice vibrating with excitement. He said that these men had come in about four miles; that a big tiger had attacked a man with two bullocks and killed one of them. When the man tried to beat off the animal with his long club, as these foolish Indian men sometimes do, it had turned upon him, and with one stroke of its great paw had knocked him down, then mauled him, and he would probably die.

The man's son, a lad about fourteen, had run back to the village, given the alarm, and when a crowd of men arrived, shouting and threatening, the tiger had made off into the jungle. They said he would surely be back in two or three hours, and begged us to go out and, when he returned, kill him. The moon would be up by the time we got there, which would give us a good chance. Ben wanted to know if I was willing to risk it,

but by the time he had his story told I was dressed.

I loaded up the big rifle which had done me such good service, and was out on the veranda ready to go, about one thirty in the morning. It seemed best to go in their bullock cart, so we piled in, the driver twisted the oxen's tails and we were off. The men, five or six of them, ran along by the side of the cart as it moved along at a dog trot. Now and then they would poke up the oxen from the side, chattering to each other like a band of monkeys as we went along.

In the meantime Ben and I planned our campaign on the tiger. We decided that if there were any good trees near by, it would be safest to get in them, if it would give us a clear shot. But if not, then to get behind some trees or bushes where we would be sure and get a fatal shot into his body. We crossed up over a high hill road on an out-of-the-way road through the jungle, and came down about two-thirds of the way on the other side into a valley. Here we found the body of the bullock. From all indications the tiger had not been back since the men drove him away.

The moon had just lifted itself above the eastern hills, and we could see the long shadows of the trees. Right by the bullock was one large tree with a long overhanging limb. About thirty feet away was another tree, large enough for a good shelter. Ben told me to get in the nearby one, and he climbed in the other. The others went

off a half mile up the road to come at a signal from us. Usually when they hunt tigers in this way, they tie one of the small native rope beds in the trees, which makes a safe easy place to sit and the hunter can lean from one side to the other to shoot. But we had no time for that, so I was compelled to sit in the crotch of the tree about twelve feet from the ground.

We had decided that we would not shoot until he was close, no matter what happened, for to do otherwise would only wound him. Tigers are very dangerous when wounded. Well, we were all ready and the watch began. The night owls were hooting. The time was now past two thirty. The moon was getting brighter. Every long shadow of bush and tree seemed to have a tiger lurking in it. Every time a bird flew past, or a leaf rustled, it seemed that two or three tigers were coming out.

My eyes and ears and senses seemed to be getting every movement of any kind. There seemed to be a sort of sixth sense that reached out into the jungle to feel if any danger was approaching. It must have been a half hour and we had not made a sound of any kind, when I saw down the road a big shadow cross over and go into the jungle. Then a rabbit ran out of the jungle from that side back to the other. In about two minutes I sensed something near my tree, but could not see it. Finally I felt it come nearer and soon a huge tiger came out of the shadows in the trees and stood some forty feet away, looking up

and down the road as if he wanted to make sure that nobody was near.

He was not near enough to shoot, and I was quite sure Ben would not shoot. He stood there, a kingly looking fellow in the clear moonlight, as if daring any man or beast to dispute his right to the meal he was about to partake. It seemed ages while he stood there. What if he should look up in the tree and see me, and decide to take a little man steak instead of bullock steak? He could easily jump and knock me out if he got at me from the right angle. All these things went through my mind, but at the same time I had my hand on the trigger, if he should attempt anything like that.

Finally he seemed to have satisfied himself that everything was all right, so he started to walk leisurely toward the bullock and of course that meant toward me. He passed Ben's tree about twenty feet away and as he came on, I was conscious of the Indian man in my tree making some slight noise as if he moved his toe against the bark. Instantly the old tiger threw up his head and listened, turning his head in every direction. I knew then what Ben would think: That if the animal got frightened he would run away and we would not even get a shot, and he would not return that night.

This had no sooner gone through my mind, than bang! went Ben's big gun. My eyes were on the tiger and I saw him give a long sideways jump and he landed directly under me and

stopped. I leaned over hastily to see if he had dropped, or had been hit, and as I did so one of my feet slipped and as I caught myself I dropped my gun. As I lurched after it, I lost my balance and fell. All this was done in less time than I can tell it, and I landed squarely on the tiger's back. I was so frightened that the only thing I could think of was to hold tight. To my great surprise I was just back of his shoulders with my face forward and my arms around his neck. I clutched, unconsciously, the long hair on his neck, and gripped my legs about his body. I thought that in an instant he would roll over and get me off and maul me with his great paws, but I determined that I would stick on as long as possible, for as long as I stuck on he could not hurt me. He started to run through the jungle. He seemed to be as frightened as I was. He went in great swinging strides, and didn't seem to be trying to get me off. It seemed that I heard Ben call to stick on tight. Anyway, I did not have time to think of anything else, so I simply held on for dear life, scared so stiff that I could not have let go if I had wanted to.

On and on he went, and then I began to get back my presence of mind. I figured that if I let loose and fell off he would turn around and kill me. That if I stayed on very long he would certainly lie down and get me off and kill me also. Then I remembered that men when they get lost in the forest often go in a circle and that possibly he would run around the big valley, and come

back to where Ben was, and he would shoot him, although I did not fancy him shooting while I was on the tiger's back.

Finally I noticed that he was limping slightly in one leg, and I knew then that Ben had bit him only very slightly. This frightened me more, for I knew that when he started in on me, he would be angry and make quick work of it. My face was scratched by the limbs and thorns, my hands were bleeding, and the top of my head was bumped about every ten feet, it seemed, as he made his way through the bushes. He was making for the big reservoir which the Government had recently finished. It was still about a half mile away, and I could hear him panting as he sped along in his swinging gallop.

I remembered that the top of the hill was cut down steep, that from the top a path led down to the water's edge, whereas, if he went straight over the top, it was some thirty or forty feet down to the water. Would he slow up, to go down that winding path? If so, he would get me off. He went straight ahead, and as we came within a few feet, he gave a terrible growl, and with one mad blind leap he plunged from the very brow of the hill into the cold dark water below. It seemed like eternity before we struck the water. The whole panorama of my life seemed to pass like a moving picture before me. I saw mamma as a little girl out on the Nebraska farm. I saw the old Hoosier Valley school house, and the Baptist church, and I saw the Platte river,

and the ball games, the high school, and where I taught school. My old bicycle came back to me again, and I saw myself get married, and then you girls all came trooping along before my eyes during those few seconds before we reached the water.

I don't understand how so much could pass through a man's mind in so short a time. But finally the splash came, and as he went under I turned loose. I stayed on top of the water, turned, and struck out for the shore. I saw the tiger's head come up out of the water thirty feet away. I renewed my strokes with increased energy, but just as I reached the shore, there lay a great crocodile on the bank, with his head at the water's edge. He opened his huge jaws, made a plunge at me, and——*I woke up*, and found myself sitting up in bed with cold sweat oozing out all over my body.

Monday, 19.

It has been a very calm sea all the way. Tomorrow we pass into the southern end of the Red sea. Later we will see the place where Moses and the Israelites crossed. I know they were no happier to cross it than I will be.

Now children, sit up straight in your seats and we will have our geography lesson.

Where did this boat, the Konigin Luise sail from?

From Bombay.

Is Bombay on the main land of India?

No, it is on the island of Bombay.

DAD'S LETTERS ON A WORLD JOURNEY

What body of water does the boat pass through on leaving Bombay?

Through the Arabian sea, which is in the northern part of the Indian ocean.

What water does it reach next?

The gulf of Aden.

And what next?

The Red Sea.

What city is near the point where the boat passes out of the gulf Aden?

The city of Aden, owned by the British, also on an island.

Saturday, 24.

Today we entered the Gulf of Suez. Sometime tomorrow we arrive at the city of Suez where the mail is taken off and goes by train to Port Said then on to Europe by fast boat and train so it will get there quicker.

This morning we were just about two blocks ahead of an American freight boat. It got even with us about noon, and then passed us a few yards, and we were about even at sundown. It was a nice race.

It is getting cooler as we get farther north. But I guess there is no danger of freezing.

Good bye from the Red Sea, Suez canal, Suez gulf, and the waters of Asia. I have already seen the coast of Africa several times. Next will be from Europe. Next after that good old U. S. A.

Yours hurrying as fast as possible,
Daddy Bert.

Port Said,
Monday, April 26.

My Dearest Lenore:

I am sending you some more stamps. Some of these I bought in Bombay, and the others in Port Said. If there are duplicates, you can share with some of your friends who are making collections. There are some German African stamps, but they are no longer used, as Germany is out of Africa forever. You can keep them as a reminder of the Kaiser's departed glory.

We arrived at Suez Sunday evening. Not far from Suez are the famous wells of Moses. It is a flat sandy country, with some barren humble hills stretching away in the distance as if they were ashamed of themselves for being in such an historic place, unable to grow grass and ever-green trees.

The trip through the canal was very interesting. On both sides are wide stretches of sandy land, some low marshy land, but without shrubbery. There are some broad lakes, shallow and flat.

Port Said is certainly a picturesque city. It is right at the water's edge, the canal along one side, and the Mediterranean on the other. The breeze off the Mediterranean is nice and cool. As usual there was considerable red tape in getting off the boat, and to my hotel, The Eastern Exchange. Sounds quite formal doesn't it? But it is really very good, clean bed, clean floor and

rug, clean food, good cold water, four meals a day, and all for one English pound, which is about \$3.85. Cheaper than I could get the same in America.

One chap came on board and visaed my passport, another looked at it as I went down the gangway, another checked it up at the custom's house, and when I went up to see Major Beaumont to get permission to go to Jerusalem, I had to produce it again. I faced the Major in his den, and he said he would have to write Cairo. I told him I could go to Jerusalem and back, while he was getting an answer. He said if I was in a hurry, he would telephone, but I would have to pay for it. He did, and I did, so I have it all fixed to leave here tomorrow night on the British military train for the ancient city of the Jew.

These Egyptians are a hardy looking race. They are not so brown as the Indians. The color seems to get a milder brown the farther north you go. They also dress differently from the Indians.

This is a sort of cross roads of the world. All the ships that come and go, of all the lines, stop here. Boats of nearly every nation are in the harbor now. We came up the canal yesterday and last night with a whole string of them, ahead of us and behind.

So this is Egypt. Here came the sons of Jacob more than three thousand years ago from the land of Canaan. Of course they did not come on the British military train, but I must ask the

hotel clerk if they put up at the Eastern Exchange as they passed through. Jerusalem next.

Jerusalem, May 3, 1920.

Girls:

I have been here four days, and this is the very first opportunity I have had to write a word.

The route to Jerusalem is over the British line of march along which they drove back the Turks, and finally captured Jerusalem. It is over the sandiest, most barren desert for the first three or four hours. Then we came to a large body of clear blue water, and imagine my surprise to know it was the Mediterranean. The town is El Arish and the country is desert in every direction. It is a military camp. We veered off inland again and came to better country where there were wheat, gardens and orchards. About noon we came to ancient Gaza, about five miles from the sea, the ancient city of the Philistines. It was here that Samson pulled down the pillars, and destroyed his enemies.

As the train stopped a lot of Gaza boys and girls ran along-side the train with boiled eggs, and oranges for sale. They would not give them into the hands of the soldiers until they got the money into their hands. To our right two or three miles we could see Gerar, where Abraham and Isaac bargained with the Philistine chiefs, and dug wells. Off to the right a little farther we passed Ziklag, Lachish, and Gath, the home of Goliath.

Then we came to Gezer. There is some interesting history concerning Joshua and Solomon in connection with this town. We had to change cars at Lydda, for Jerusalem. Lydda you remember is where Peter raised Dorcas to life. Acts 9. There is a military camp here and on the hillside I saw a British aeroplane getting ready for a flight. On our way to Jerusalem we passed through Beth Shemesh. Not far to the north was Aijalon, and Upper and Lower Bethoron. The road runs between great rocky hills or mountains, and in one of these valleys a great battle was fought between the British and the Turks.

We arrived at Jerusalem six thirty in the evening. Imagine it, all the way from Egypt to Jerusalem in one day, and a daylight run at that.

And it came to pass when our train arrived at Jerusalem a man got on the train and said unto me:

"Dost thou desire to go to the Grand New Hotel?"

I said unto him, "I do."

He said unto me "Behold, I will find for thee a carriage."

When we had passed through the multitude and I was seated upon the carriage lo, this same man climbed upon the seat beside me. And as we passed through the valley of Hinnom he said unto me:

"Is this thy first trip to Jerusalem?"

I said unto him, "It is."

As we passed the mountain called Zion, he said unto me,

"Wilt thou stay long in Jerusalem?"

I said unto him, "May be so and may be not."

Thereupon there fell upon him a great silence for he seemed much perplexed at my short answers. For I had perceived that he had some scheme up his sleeve. As we approached the Jaffa gate, which stands in the walls of the city from whence men go to Joppa, he said unto me,

"Visitest thou the holy places of the city?"

I said unto him, "I do."

Then he said boldly unto me, "I am a guide, and I would fain show you the places of the city."

I said unto him, "How much chargest thou?"

And he said unto me with a Shylock accent in his voice, "For myself and carriage and tips?"

Then I perceived in my heart that he had in his mind that I was a man whose pocket bulgeth large. So I said unto him,

"I will see thee tomorrow."

And lo, when we had arrived at the Grand New Hotel, there was a company of employees arrayed upon my right hand and my left, which seemed to indicate that they were saying in their hearts,

"Lo, this man also is an easy mark. Come let us skin him if we get a chance." And it came to pass when I had written my name, my age, my nationality, my business, and from whence

I had come, upon the hotel register, that this selfsame guide helped carry my baggage up to my room. And when he had lighted the candle, and handed me his card he said unto me with a longing voice,

“Wilt thou settle the matter tonight?”

And I said unto him wearily, “Not tonight.”

When I had eaten a good meal of exceeding savory viands, I lay myself down and slept and dreamed in the ancient city. And when I rose up early in the morning and came down to breakfast the guide greeted me with an exceedingly friendly smile.

“Wilt thou have me today?”

I said unto him, “I have not yet decided.”

When I had eaten four fried eggs and drunk me two large cups of exceedingly good coffee, I hied me over to Thos. Cook's office who giveth help and advice to travelers. I said unto the clerk:

“Dost thou furnish guides, and for how much?”

When he answered me I perceived that my friend of the hotel had planned secretly in his heart that he would gouge me.

I hied me out into the street, and lo, the guide was waiting for me. I said unto him, “How much chargest thou for thyself and tips for one day?”

He said so much. Then said I unto him, looking him straight in the eye, “Thy price is not the right price, but I will give thee so

much for one day, and if thou art a good guide and doest all that thou sayest thou wilt do, then I may call upon thee for two days."

When he perceived that I was a man of understanding concerning the price he said, "I will do as thou sayest."

And it came to pass that we walked through the streets of the Holy city until we came to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Men call it after this fashion because it is built on the place where the sepulchre of Jesus was supposed to be. It is an exceeding large church and built out of great stones, the same kind of stones of which all Jerusalem is built. Standing at the gate were two British soldiers, and a Mohammedan door-keeper who locketh and unlocketh the door every day. And I said unto the guide, "Why dost the Moslem defile the place with his presence?"

Then he said unto me, "In the years gone by there arose a great dispute between five sects as to whom the church did belong. There were the Franciscans, the Greeks, the Armenians, the Copts, and the Syrians. These all did claim the right to the church, so that at last, since these Christians did eat and devour one another, it was appointed that each was to have the rights to such and such a place in the church, and it came to pass that they agreed not to tresspass each upon the rights of the others. But when they could not agree as to who should have the keys lest that sect should some day claim the whole thing, the Turks who at that time ruled the land

decided that a Moslem should have the keys of the church."

Thus do the quarreling followers of Jesus make themselves a hiss and a byword to all who come, even from the ends of the earth to look upon the holy places.

And I went in and saw the ancient tomb of Jesus hewn out of a great rock. For the rock still standeth within the church even unto this day. And the guide said unto me, "Wilt thou not stoop down and enter the tomb, even as the disciples of old did?"

And I stooped down and entered in. And within were all manner of candles burning. There was a large marble rock, and underneath this rock is the very rock upon which Jesus was laid. And standing at the head of the rock there was a Greek priest. And he was arrayed in a long robe, as is the manner of the Greek priests. And he did wear long black whiskers, as is also the manner of the priests of Jerusalem. As he stood there with a Greek Bible in his hand, he made to appear to all passersby that he was an holy man and just.

But my eyes did behold by his left side a small tin cup sitting on the very tomb of Jesus. And in this cup I beheld money arranged in such a way that all might see. And this he did that all who come might take the hint. Then I perceived that they had made the tomb of Jesus a place for the money changer, and the religious

beggar. So I said in my heart, not outwardly so men could hear:

“Why defilest thou the sepulchre, with thy long whiskers and thy lazy life?”

For this he was wont to do six days of the week, yea even seven, since this part of the great church is allotted to the Greeks. But I beheld also that as we went out my guide failed to put any piasters into the cup.

Then we came to another large stone upon which Jesus was laid when he was taken down from the cross, which is now called the Stone of Unction. And I beheld here also many candles burning. And near by was the Place of the Cross, and my eyes beheld the place where the cross was placed within the rock, and on either side the places of the other two crosses. And at the place of the cross there was an altar, and on the altar was incense and burning candles. This is in an upper room, carved out of the solid rock, and I saw a great rock that was cleft in twain.

And near this place he showed unto me Mary's chapel, in memory of Mary the mother of Jesus. And in this chapel is an altar with golden candle sticks and there is a very life size image of Mary, very costly, all decorated with gold and silver and precious stones. And the image and all its trimmings are exceeding valuable, yea even unto a sum of a half million dollars. When the Turks were about to lose the city to the British, one of them looked upon the image with envy in his heart and said unto his fellows:

"See, here is much fine gold, let us now take it, and convert it into cash, and thus help ourselves and bring sorrow to the hearts of these Christians."

But the Austrian officer forbade them saying:

"Touch not the holy thing, for we be fighting a nation not a religion." Whereupon the Turks laid not their hands upon the image.

And as I walked about and looked in the great church, I beheld many other small chapels, one at the place of finding the cross, called "the Chapel of Finding of the Holy Cross." And another called the "Chapel of the Apparition," where Jesus, or was it the angel appeared? And it was whispered abroad that the various sects worship in the various chapels within the great church, since they cannot have harmony among themselves.

And as I looked out of the tail of my eye as we went from place to place, I beheld that my guide failed to give the tips, and the people thinking that I should have given them, and did not, looked upon me as a tight wad, whereas my guide should have given them as the agreement was. So when high noon had come, and I had taken bread, I said unto the guide innocent like:

"Perchance the people would like to receive the tips out of my very hands." Then did his countenance fall, for he perceived that I trusted him not, and that the hope of his gain was gone. When we had come to the hotel at night, and I

was reading in the parlor, the guide came unto me and said, "Sir, the driver of your carriage from the station standeth without the door wanting his tribute money."

I said unto him, "The hotel man payest him not?"

He replied that in olden times it was so but in these days each man payeth the tribute money direct to the driver, and that if I would hand him the money he would deliver it into the hands of the driver and I need not go down. I said unto him, "How much owest I this Jehu?"

He replied, "Twenty piasters," which is four shillings.

I said unto him, "Thou speakest not the right price unto me. May my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I pay thee too large a sum, and thou keepest a part of it for thyself." And he quickly left me and departed. So I went straightway to the hotel man said unto him:

"Shew me the military tariff sheet which sheweth what drivers are allowed for their hire." When he shewed it unto me I saw that the price was two shillings instead of four. So I gave him two shillings and said unto him, "Give the driver his proper tribute money, and as for this guide, if you allow him to bother me any more, I will pay you what I owe, and move to another hotel."

Whereupon that guide has not shewed me his face even unto this day.

Well, enough of this, I am leaving early tomorrow morning. I went to mount Moriah, where Abraham offered up Isaac. It is, you may remember, the spot in Jerusalem where Solomon afterwards built the temple. According to the prophecy of Jesus there would not be left one stone upon another. This came to pass in 70 A. D. under Titus who destroyed the city and temple. And when the Mohammedans took Jerusalem in the sixth century they built a Mohammedan mosque on the very spot of the temple. It still stands there.

I will have to tell you the rest of what I saw later. Bethlehem, Bethany, Mount of Olives, Jericho, Dead Sea, Jordan River, etc. It has been a wonderful experience.

Now for the first boat.

B. W.

P. S. I picked a violet in the garden of Gethsemane. These leaves I picked on the banks of the Jordan.

Port Said again, May 6.

Dearest All:

I left off by telling you that I fired my guileful guide. To my great surprise and joy, I found an American chap helping out the British Y. M. C. A., and he was starting that very day for Bethlehem, Bethany, and the Mt. of Olives. He had a British captain and an Irish Lieutenant and I made the third of the party. We went to Bethlehem in an old Ford car, with its hood gone, its

top gone, in fact nearly everything gone except its "chassis," and its reputation. It has a great reputation for it was captured three times in the recent war; British from Turks, back to Turks, back to British again.

On the way to Bethlehem, we stopped at a large rock on the top of a mountain. In this rock is a groove about the size of a man. They call it Elijah's rock, for tradition has it that the great prophet rested there when he was fleeing away from Ahab on his southern journey. A little farther on is Rachel's tomb, and it seems pretty well established that that is really authentic. It is a mile to the north of Bethlehem, quite a large rock house, or tomb encloses it.

The place of interest in Bethlehem, of course, is the birth place of Jesus. As in Jerusalem, so here they have erected a large church over the very spot. It is called the "Church of the Nativity." It is also Armenian, Catholic, Greek, if not more, and they also are a quarreling bunch. The Armenians have one side, the Greeks the center I think it is, and the Romans the right side, and in each place there is an altar arranged for worship. There is a story told about General Allenby, the British General who captured Jerusalem. He came to Bethlehem, and saw all the windows nice and clean but one. On inquiry he found that it was at the dividing line between the Armenians and the Greeks. So neither was allowed to clean the window, lest they go over their line and finally claim the

whole window. So Allenby called a representative of each group to him, and told them that he could not understand such bitterness, and lack of co-operation, and that if neither was willing for the other to clean the window, they might well hire a Mohammedan Arab to do it. He told them he was coming out again the next afternoon, and that if the window was not clean, he and his orderly would do it themselves. The next day it was cleaned, and has been cleaned ever since. Not so bad, was it?

But you are more interested in the thing the church stands for. Well, down some long, old worn stone steps, there is an altar underneath the main part of the church. It is made in the old original rock; there they have marked the spot where Jesus was born. On the very spot, there is a large gold star, representing the star which the wise men followed. Over this star the candles were burning, and while we looked, an old long whiskered priest with a black mother hubbard dress on, came down, waved a lamp of incense in front of the altar several times, filling the place with a sweet fragrance.

You perhaps know that when one nation takes possession of another country it agrees to regard and protect the holy places. This Turkey agreed to do, when it took over Palestine. Well, one day a Turkish soldier who was guarding this place thought he would make a little money on the side, so he removed one of the golden spikes which holds down the golden star. A Greek

priest discovered it, reported it to the Russian Ambassador, who reported to his Government, which in turn sent an ultimatum to Turkey that unless the spike was returned, and the Turkish government formally apologized in twenty four hours, war would be declared. The apology was not sent, and the Crimean War was fought between those two lands, all over a gold spike!

A few feet away is another large indenture in the rock, which was the manger. Here also was another altar with incense and candles. Still farther down below, another rock stairway runs to a place where they say a lot of children and their mothers hid, when Herod's order went out for the children to be killed. They say that a large number of innocent children were here found and slaughtered at Herod's command. There are also a number of old tombs down in this deep dark cavern, one as I remember it, the tomb of the mother of Constantine, who had the first church erected on this spot. The whole church is in the shape of a very large cross, and in exact proportions.

We went out to Bethany which is east of Jerusalem across the brook Kedron. The old part is nearly gone, but the house of Mary and Martha was pointed out to us. A half dozen boys and girls ran before us and cried out: "Want to see the house Mary and Martha, Lazarus tomb?" One of them got a key and unlocked the door to a wall, and we entered an open court. There was a very old foundation, and part of a

basement. This is the ruins of what was once another church, said to have been erected on the spot where stood the house of Mary and Martha.

A few yards away, were two large piles of stone, all that remains of the house of Simon the Leper. Jesus once went home with him, you remember. Then a short distance away is the tomb of Lazarus. It is down underneath the hill or mountain, in solid rock nearly all the way. There are forty-three steps down. Count the stair steps at home, and you can estimate how deep down that is. In the floor, there is a large opening in the rock, and the Irish Lieut. and I took our candles and crawled in and back until we came to an open room, say eight feet square, hewn out of the solid rock. This was the tomb. I held the candle while the Lieutenant read from the New Testament, Book of John, about the raising of Lazarus.

A mile from Bethany is Bethpage. On the way back we went up on the Mt. of Olives, a trifle higher than Jerusalem. One gets a wonderful view of Jerusalem from this mountain. It was from here that Jesus is supposed to have ascended. They show a rock with a little iron fence around it, from which he ascended. This rock is right in front of a church, I think it is a Russian church. It is called the "Church of the Ascension." And some fifty yards away, the Mohammedans, not to be outdone, have erected a mosque, and within it on the floor, they have a rock; and in it, a

place that resembles a foot print, and this is claimed to be the correct place of the ascension. Whichever it was does not concern me; it was somewhere from this hill. Upon this hill many a time He walked and talked with His disciples. That is the big point.

About two thirds of the way down this mountain on the way back to Jerusalem is the garden of Gethsemane. Great rocks are pointed out, as the place where the disciples slept while Jesus prayed. And the spot of the betrayal is marked. A great olive tree, gnarled, knotty and half dead, fifteen or eighteen feet in circumference, is said to be the "tree of agony." I sent you a pansy I picked there, also a leaf.

I also went to the pool at Bethesda; nearby was another church, and a priest with a hat on like the Vicar of Wakefield wore. And not far away, the church of St. Anne, if I remember rightly; anyway, it is in honor of the parents of Mary. And down underneath and back of the pulpit are several rooms hewn out of rock, said to be their ancient home, and therefore the ancient home of Mary also.

We went to Gihon, which is the spring Gihon, coming out of the rocks. This is outside the walls of Jerusalem on the temple side. There is an underground passage from this spring, which leads to the pool of Siloam. It was built either by Solomon or Hezekiah, I have forgotten which. We went down three or four blocks, passing Absalom's tomb on the way, and came to the

pool of Siloam. We passed down about fifteen rock steps to get to it. It is a shallow place, the clear cold water coming out from under the rocks from the upper Gihon.

I was very anxious to go down to Jericho, but the old Ford car was not going down there. The livery men wanted twenty dollars to drive down and back, which was too much. You see I was like the man in the Bible who went down to Jericho and fell among thieves. The only difference was that I fell among thieves before I started, so finally I decided to walk down. I got up early, and was on the road at a quarter of eight. At 8:05 I passed the garden of Gethsemane. At 8.35 Bethpage, and at 8:50 I passed through Bethany. A small boy came out, wanting to show me around, and when I told him I was going to Jericho, he pointed at my feet and his eyes opened in astonishment. It is down hill all the way, in between great mountains, all rocky, like they are in Jerusalem. The road winds in and out among the hills, and down at a gentle slope, but always down, down, down. You ask how I knew the way? I didn't exactly. Yet I knew that I could not very well miss the way. So I went on, and on, thinking I would arrive by noon, as it was only about twelve miles. There were no villages on the way, one lone house, two or three miles below Bethany. Now and then I would see far up the mountain side, a lone Arab shepherd with his flock of sheep. I met two or three flocks of sheep, that were being taken up

to Jerusalem to market. About twelve o'clock the road sloped up a small hill, and I thought surely when I got on that, I could see the plains of Jericho.

But on reaching there, I found a stone house, which composes a village, called "Good Samaritan Inn." The village has four inhabitants; a man, a girl about like Roma, a dog, and a rooster. They keep a few things for sale. I bought a bottle of lemon soda, and two Jericho cucumbers. They had a tasty taste to me, as the Arab told me that it was the half way house. So I hustled on. Down and down I went, wondering every now and then if some mountain stone dweller had spotted me, and was waiting behind a rock somewhere to waylay me. At last, through a rift in the mountain, I saw the Dead Sea. Later on I stood on the last ridge and looked down on ancient Jericho. I heard a roaring noise to my left, and discovered a stream of water in a rock canal, very small, only two or three feet wide and no deeper, winding its way down the hill, and far in the distance I could see down on the plain where it was winding its way to Jericho. It crossed the road farther down, and I got a cool drink, and plodded on. I arrived at the Hotel Bellevue at 2:15, Jericho's only hotel for the present, the Hotel Jordan being closed. I do not know if the hotel is the descendant of the inn in which the good Samaritan took the wounded man or not. At any rate, it looked good to me, for my feet were sore, and the muscles of

my legs were sore, for it was really harder on my muscles than if it had been up hill part of the way. I was the only guest. But the Arab cook soon served a mess of pottage cooked with some savory mutton. Did I devour it all? I did, and asked for more. Then I went up to my room and took a nap. I had walked 22 miles instead of 12.

I tried to take a nap. But here I met my old enemy, the bed bug. He had formed an international alliance with the tribe of fleas. And that afternoon and night, I fought more fleas, and bugs than—well, the soldiers in France had no greater trouble with the “cooties,” I am sure. The dogs began barking about twelve, and between fleas, dogs, and bugs, I got but very little sleep.

After my attempted afternoon nap, I walked out about a mile and a half to Elisha's wonderful fountain, where he turned bitter water into sweet. It is a wonderful spring, spouting up in a perennial fountain. They have built a large stone tank around it and much of the land around the town is irrigated from it. They raise oranges, lemons, figs, pomegranates, apricots, raisins, and all kinds of vegetables. Near this fountain are the walls of the old Jericho all tumbled down. There are some excavations showing some of the ancient houses. Think of the history of this wonderful city, and its surrounding country. From Joshua to Christ. From Christ to the present. And there I was standing on top of those ancient walls, nothing but a plain

Nebraska clod hopper. Who am I, that I should have this wonderful opportunity to behold the wonder, and the beauty, and in some parts, the desolation of this land so dear to the hearts of judges, and priests, and prophets and kings, and apostles, and even Jesus himself!

To the left towered a high mountain, said to be the mount of Temptation. On its very dome is a flat stone church, Greek Catholic. Clinging to its rocky side, about two thirds of the way up is a Greek monastery, where eleven monks live. Every Sunday, those eleven monks wend their way up the mountain side to the church and have a service. You will guess from what I have already said that the religion here is an empty formality. I think it is an empty hollow mockery, for there are enough churches to redeem this land if they had the real spirit of the early disciples.

I was the only white man in Jericho that night. The next morning I hired an Arab horse, and a boy for my guide to the Dead Sea and the Jordan. It was about five miles to the Jordan. It wound in and out at the bottom of a deep valley down among the rocks and sand. Near the river a few scrubby trees grow; I have sent you some leaves. I was at the place where John baptized Jesus, and undoubtedly somewhere along here is the place where the Israelites crossed over. Down the river about three miles is the Dead Sea. You know that this body of water is 1200 feet below the sea level of the

Mediterranean. But it is a wonderfully picturesque little piece of water.

A little village of a dozen houses is right at the edge of the water. On either side great mountain ranges. On the right looking south, the hills and mountains that lead up to Jerusalem, called the "hill country of Judea." Hills and mountains and rocks, not a tree in sight anywhere. To the left side stretches the great Moab range. One towering peak that lifts its head a little higher than the others is Mt. Nebo where Moses was buried. Not far away Mt. Pisgah, where he stood and viewed the promised land, but was told he was not to enter.

On the sea there are a few boats, one a steam launch with which the British patrol the sea, as there is still talk of trouble with the Bedouin Arabs, who resent British authority; in fact, any authority which interferes with their accustomed raids. The day after I left, a band of these Bedouins crossed the Jordan above Jericho, took 38 head of cattle in the night, and escaped with them into the hills beyond Jordan.

I rode the Arab horse back to Jerusalem. I had no saddle, but they put a sort of gunny sack full of straw on his back, and by using his imagination one would know it was meant for a saddle. It had no stirrups, and was almost as wide as the back of an elephant, but it is the style, so I had to take it or walk.

While not stated in the contract, the horse was guaranteed not to go faster than a slow

walk. I beat him with my cane, I coaxed him, I cursed him (in my heart,) I poked him, I kicked him, and once or twice I could discern a movement that indicated a very slow trot, but walk was the rule up, and up, and up. It took two hours longer to go up on the horse than it did for me to walk down.

From Jerusalem, I went directly to Cairo. The pyramids are as wonderful as they are advertised to be. They are just outside of Cairo and the tram runs out every hour. It crosses the Nile on the way, and runs through a very fertile valley of wheat and all kinds of garden vegetables. The pyramids are on the edge of the desert. Beyond is the great trackless waste of sand and rock. The Sphinx stands down in a hollow just over the first ridge. It is a great piece of work. Great stone face and body of an animal.

And now I am back in Port Said. There is no hope of any boat to England, or Italy from here. They are all full. So today I bought a ticket on a Greek boat which leaves tomorrow for Athens. It crosses the Mediterranean in three days; soon I will be standing on Mars hill, and seeing something of that marvelous old land that produced the Parthenon, Phillip of Macedon, and Alexander the Great. There is a new railroad just completed from Athens to Paris.

P. S. On the way to Jerusalem, I saw great herds of camels feeding in the desert. 150 in

one bunch. And men in fields plowing with camels.

In Jerusalem, in the hotel, they served raisins, almonds, nuts, oranges, and lemons, all grown in Palestine.

In Cairo camels with great loads on their backs are on nearly every street.

May 16.

Belgrade, Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes.

Dearest Family:

In my last letter I told you that I was coming to Greece and from thence overland to Paris. I am on the way as this tale will indicate.

I was unable to get a cabin on the Greek boat, so persuaded them to sell me deck space. That gave me the liberty of finding space on the deck to put a steamer chair, if nobody else got there first. Well, when I tell you that on a little dinky boat that should carry sixty passengers we had three hundred, you can realize how much deck space belonged to me. In fact just enough by tight squeezing for the chair, no place to walk and take exercise, no baths at all, and no food included in the ticket.

I discovered four missionary ladies on the boat, two Scotch, a gray haired woman and her daughter, and two from the African Inland Mission, who had come down the Nile by steamer from far up above Khartoum. One of these was from the Englewood church in Chicago. She

knew many of the folks I did, so you see what a small place the world is after all. You can meet friends, or rather folks that know folks that you know most any where on earth. These four ladies had paid first class passage but had only the same chance for space that I had. They had chairs and all of us slept on deck the three nights from Port Said to Piraeus, which is the port of Athens.

I never want another such journey. The small boat tossed on the waves of the blue Mediterranean, and all my boasting of being a good sailor came to a bad end. I got it again. From my chair to the rear of the boat was about fifteen or twenty paces. The first time I made the dash there were three chairs to climb over, one containing a Greek priest with a black dress on like the French Friars wear. He had on a stove pipe hat, that is, it was like a section of a stove pipe cut off about eight inches high, with no rim at the bottom, and a little protruding roof at the top. He was my last hurdle, and I went over him a mile a minute, and looked with loving eyes down into the waters; this time really the "blue" waters of the inland sea.

Having made my contribution, and said my prayers and bidden you all good bye, I went back to my chair to wait for the end. Having blazed the trail to the railing, and given warning to the folks on the way, I waited impatiently for the next trip, which I knew would soon be necessary. It came with great urgency, and I made it to the

railing in nothing flat. There was the log hanging on a long rope from the rear end of the boat. Having decided that I would go over and investigate the log, I heard a sort of a "Who-o-o-p-e" sound to my right, and looking over I saw three ladies, two of them American, hanging over the rail and peering down as if looking for something they had lost. There was no sign up, "room to let" on the whole voyage. Two-thirds of the crowd were at it. One Englishman, three Americans, Egyptians, Armenians, Jews and proselytes, Greeks and barbarians all met on one common level at the railing of the ship.

And it came to pass that we cast anchor and waited for day. When the sun was on his journey one hour, the quarantine officer did come on board and said we could all land. And as I waited, lo, small boats did row out to our ship, and men standing up in the boats did call aloud in very poor English, "Row you to shore, mister?"

I said unto one, "How much?"

And when he had named a fair price I said unto him:

"Is thy boat large enough also, to take the four ladies and their baggage?"

And he said, "It is."

And this he said not knowing what he said, for they were ladies that had exceeding much boxes, and trunks, and large grips, and sundry small parcels to a total number of twenty-five.

When we had piled them all into the small boat and sat down there was not so much room as to where I should put my feet.

And when we had landed, a Greek individual looking like a ruffian said unto me:

"All this luggage must go through the customs house."

I said unto him, "It is not necessary."

He said unto me, "It is."

And I hired me a strong man and ordered him to tow these into the customs house. When he beheld them all he heaved a sigh, but when he had carried them in he heaved a still heavier sigh. And a man who looked as if he thought he had authority, said unto the gray haired lady:

"Open thy trunk."

And she opened it. And he did thrust his dirty hand down into the trunk, and displaced some clean clothes, and fumbled here and there for something he knew not what. And this he did because his forefathers had done it from the foundation of the world.

And when he had done so, he told her to lock it up again, and he ordered me to hand up the next one. Whereupon I said unto him with some heat:

"Man, this is all foolishness. We be Americans, we are passing through thy country in three or four days, and customs we pay not, nor should. Behold, even now, the pangs of hunger gnaw at our bowels for we have had nothing fit to eat in three days, and what we did have is no

more. Lo, here are sixteen drachmas, a goodly sum of thine own money, take it, put thy chalk mark upon our baggage and let us go."

And when his miserly eyes saw the money, his countenance did change, and in five minutes he did put his chalk mark upon all our baggage, and soon we fell upon our breakfast like hungry wolves.

When we had eaten we came by fast tram unto Athens, a fifteen minutes journey. And when I had found an hotel for the ladies, I went out to behold the city. I remembered a certain other traveler who had visited Athens, and so I went out to Mars hill where he did preach his famous sermon. Now, when I approached Mars hill walking alone at the close of the day, I beheld Greek boys and girls running about. Then I climbed up the solid stone stairway to the very top of Mars hill, and I stood upon the very spot, where Paul preached, and I also looked over the city and saw its beauty, and its picturesque mountain background, and the golden sunset.

Hardby was the Acropolis, and I would fain enter there. A guide rose up out of the rocks somewhere, and said:

"I will show it all to thee for five drachmas."

And I said unto him, "Nay, but I will give thee two."

And he showed me for two. The Acropolis is the ancient Athens, built on a high hill, with a stone wall around it, and some of its buildings date back to 400 or 500 B. C. And within the

Acropolis is the Parthenon. The Parthenon is wonderful, built out of great marble rocks, beautifully carved as only the Greeks can carve them, and dedicated to the goddess who protects the ancient city. For further description, is it not written in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, also in the little book I will bring home with me?

I walked up the streets of Athens, and behold, it is a beautiful city, nice stone buildings, and well laid out streets, and small parks, and flower men on the streets, and many book stores, and other fine stores, and street cars, and daily papers, and well dressed men, and women with high heels, and everything that a modern city has anywhere. And with it all I was well pleased.

All aboard for Salonika, the first stop, or rather the first change on the way to Paris. When I left Athens, it was with the information that when I arrived at Salonika I could get a train direct to Paris, which would put me there in three days. Man is a hopeful animal. The trip up was great. Greece is a wonderful little country. It is progressive, the people are industrious. They have fine farms and orchards, and nice towns and villages. The mountains on the way are wonderful, some of them in the far distance were covered with snow.

There was an American lady on the train, a Red Cross nurse. She was very glad to see another American, so she introduced herself. She

was going to the town on the border of Serbia and Greece. She told me that I would have to change at that town. We passed through a war torn country, with trenches in many places still visible, many old cannon, and old war trains lying by the wayside. At noon I changed trains again, also secured some Serbian money.

The difference between Greece and Serbia is very marked. First in the railroads. There was no first or second, all was third, and people piled on like cattle, soldiers by the score. No dining car, no restaurant at the stations, just here and there a station where bread without butter could be bought, and boiled eggs. Imagine the old man making a meal on bread and eggs, but I did it! When I arrived it was ten at night, and we should have been in at six. I got a boy to take me to the Red Cross rest house run by the Americans.

I know you will be interested in the rest of that journey. We had to catch an early morning train before breakfast. When we stopped at a little town, I went out and bought a loaf of warm thin bread. That was all we had for breakfast, but it tasted good. There are no water faucets on the train at all, so about eight o'clock, I got out and bought a large beerbottle from a Serbian woman who was selling water by the drink to the passengers. She refused to sell, but when I offered her five dinars, which is about a quarter she wilted and sold me bottle, water, and all.

About eleven we came to a good sized town, and I discovered a Serb woman with two whole chickens, fresh baked, still warm. I bought one for fifteen dinars, also two thin loaves of bread about a foot long, and four boiled eggs. On this we made our dinner and supper, and I replenished the water bottle from place to place. We arrived in Belgrade at seven. Journey from Salonique three days, when I was going to be in Paris in three days!

Why? War is the answer. You never saw such conditions of railroads. This country was entirely over run by the armies of the Germans, Turks, Austrians, and Bulgarians. Every mile of railroad was in their possession, every town and city was occupied. When the great push of the allies began, and the Germans were losing ground, as they retreated, they tore up the railroads, and wrecked the bridges. I guess there was not a railroad bridge in all Serbia that was not wrecked. They are just now getting half way back to normal. War is a terrible thing, for when it is over it takes years for people to get back to their normal pursuits.

It took me all forenoon yesterday to get the vise of the French and Italian consuls and arrange about my ticket. Tomorrow I must get my money changed and get the Swiss vise. There was no room at the American rest house, so I am at a very good hotel, run by a Serbian who had a restaurant in New York city for five years. The American Doctor at the Red Cross

has sent me word to come to see their work and take a meal with them. All over this country the Red Cross is doing a work of reconstruction, and a lot of the work is being done by women. They are going about it as systematically and as business like as any man could do. I am glad you paid our dues for another year.

The Serbians as a race are backwards. They are slow, imitative, no initiative, poor organizers, not much national consciousness, just big slow plodding Slav animals. Their leaders have the military bug. The war is over, yet they are shipping troops from place to place, every town is full of troops, every train is fuller of them, and here in Belgrade every public building is guarded by troops with guns. Just what they are afraid of I do not know.

Another thing, all Europe is too close together for so many kings and kingdoms. Europe is not much more than half the size of the United States, yet in that small area are so many kings you can hardly count them. England still has a king. Italy has a king. Bulgaria has a king, Greece has a little king, Serbia, Montenegro, Denmark, Norway and Sweden have kings, likewise Spain and Portugal. Then Germany, Austria, and Russia have lately shed their kings, but much that the kings stood for still remains.

The daily papers from all these countries go into all the others, and each little king and people reads what the others are doing, and

is jealous of, or admires and copies the others. Here in the hotel there are at least ten different daily papers in as many different tongues. People are scanning each paper to see what all the rest are doing. You have heard of some folks going broke to get an auto because their next door neighbor had one. Well that's my first strong impression of Europe. The whole continent is almost broke because the kings were trying to "keep up with the Joneses." That was what was the matter with the Kaiser, he wanted a bigger car with more attendants than any of his other neighboring kings. And to get it he was going to rob some of the rest of them. Poor old Europe, it isn't over yet. How they will ever get out of it is more than I can see. Sometime they will have to establish a United States of Europe, with one government, and one parliament or congress.

Yours from the Balkan peninsula.

Dad.





THE HOME STRETCH



THE HOME STRETCH

May 21.

Dearest Girls:

I wrote you my last letter from Belgrade. I left there on the famous Oriental Express, which was advertised to get to Paris in fifty-six hours. When we arrived at the Italian border we were informed that there was a strike on in Italy and that the passengers had to change cars and go on an Italian train across Italy.

We arrived in the famous city of Trieste which figured so prominently in the war, at eight o'clock the next morning. It is located at the upper end of the Adriatic. We stayed there all day which gave me time to get some money changed into Italian *lire*, and see something of the famous Italian city which has been under Austrian rule for so long, but which has been given back to Italy since the war. Great ships come and go in this beautiful Italian harbor.

Soon after we left Milan we entered Switzerland. I had not thought that I would get to see the Swiss mountains, but the Orient Express goes right up through the heart of Switzerland, and I have never seen such scenic beauty any where else in the world. Those wonderful Alps

seem to be sort of "finished off" somehow. The Rockies are higher, but they always gave me the impression of being overgrown and sprawly, but the Alps have the smug appearance of breeding and proper bringing up. Great rocky craggy mountains lifted their heads above us, and at each side of the train the fine mountain streams came tumbling down the rocky cliffs throwing their rainbows a thousand feet in the air. They simply frolicked in rainbows.

The famous Simplon tunnel, I learned is seventeen miles long, the longest tunnel in the world. Before we entered the tunnel the rivers and streams were flowing toward us, when we came out they were all flowing in the direction we were going. Which showed that we crossed the mountains at their highest point.

It was after we left Lake Geneva that we passed the Matterhorn. The Matterhorn has always been a literary mountain to me, and it was with a good deal of awe that I looked up at a mountain that I had always associated with books, and saw the real thing before me. It is one of a number of high peaks only it stands out as the "super" mountain among all the rest. I remembered instantly, when I saw that mountain, of a Presbyterian preacher named Smith, at Humboldt, Nebraska, describing it in a sermon.

Smith was a very tall man, with a rugged face, and a big mouth which expanded from ear to ear when he preached. I have the picture distinctly in my mind of how he towered that night,



The Religious Festival at Bandakpur



THE HOME STRETCH

his long bony arms high in the air as if he would reach to the very top of the Matterhorn, with mouth extended as if in holy awe and admiration of the grandeur before him. Without Smith I would never have gotten the full benefit of the Matterhorn. He rather personified and glorified the thing for me.

How can I make you understand Paris, and the spirit of Paris? Take for instance, the cleanliness. It is a very clean city, and nearly all of the stores, shops, and offices, are closed on Monday for cleaning. The great art galleries are open every day to the public, except on Monday, "cleaning day." The streets are clean, the taxis clean, the great buildings are clean, even the beautiful Seine, which flows through the heart of the city is clean. It is not muddy along the banks, but walled up with rocks, with green grass and trees and beautiful walks.

And strange wonder of cities, it has a plan. The Arc de Triompe or Arch of Triumph stands in the center of a very wide street on a high elevation of ground. Into that center run twelve streets, so that that most beautiful arch in all Europe can be seen from every direction. And the art with which it is constructed! Great scenes in groups of statuary on every side. One shows the triumph of Napoleon after the peace of Vienna. Another the taking of Alexandria.

It is 160 feet high, it cost about \$2,000,000. On May 5, the anniversary of Napoleon's death, crowds of people assemble here to watch the set-

ting of the sun through the arch whose great opening exactly frames the sun as it sinks below the horizon. What people but the French could have dreamed, and constructed such an arch of beauty and grandeur?

Then there is the Place de la Concorde. It is said to be the most elegant place or open court of any city in existence. It is a great open square of nearly four blocks, with wide tree-lined streets running into it. In the very center rises the Obelisk of Luxor, 76 feet high and weighing 240 tons. It was brought here from Egypt by Louis Phillippe, during his reign. It is the sister or brother monolith of Cleopatra's needle at Alexandria. It stands on the spot where Marie Antoniette, Louis XVI, and about two thousand others were beheaded by the guillotine during the French revolution and the Reign of Terror.

On each side of the Obelisk is a great fountain of bronze, with bronze sculptoring. At the outer edge of the place on the corner stand representations of eight cities of France. Lyons, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Nantes, Rouen, Brest, Lille and Strasbourg, which is in Alsace Lorraine and just recovered from the Germans. Streams of traffic go to and fro through the Place de la Concorde, and well dressed men and women hurry through this wonderful place day and night.

I visited the Louvre, the most famous place of art in Europe and perhaps in the whole world. What marvelous sculptoring, and what famous paintings are lodged there. And how the people

of Paris and France love it, and flock there by the thousands daily to see it, and how the rising young artists come there, to study and brood and dream of the day when some new creation from their own hands and brain will have the recognition of the nation, and have a place in this artist's hall of fame. Strange to say the government recognizes these artists as servants of the public good.

I visited the famous cathedral of Notre Dame. It is impossible to describe it. I had a picture in my mind of this old cathedral from Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*. It tells of Jean Valjean in trying to escape from his pursuers getting up on the high towers of Notre Dame and hanging over the side with his seemingly super-human strength while his pursuers passed by. That part of the story made my blood run cold, so vividly did Hugo picture the man hanging hundreds of feet in the air where a slip of the hand would have dashed him to death on the streets below.

Notre Dame was founded in 1163, but is on the site of a church that dates back to the fourth century. The two great towers were built in the thirteenth century. The carvings on the outside of the entrance represent the last judgment. Above these is a row of niches in which are the statues of twenty-eight Kings of Israel and Judah. There are three great "rose windows" 42 feet in diameter, with costly stained glass. The cathedral when full will hold twenty thous-

and people. There are chapels small and great in different parts of the great building.

There is one place called the treasury, which contains fragments of the crown of thorns, which some Frenchman long ago claimed to have brought from Jerusalem. Also the true cross of Christ, and a nail from the cross. Also Napoleon's coronation robe, and other precious relics. It was during the first Revolution, that this great and sacred cathedral was turned into a "Temple of Reason" and Paris went mad with her revulsion against religion and the hypocrisy of the state, and the state church. So they brought dancing girls into Notre Dame, and thousands assembled to see these girls do the modern dances in the very sanctuary of the church. But Napoleon restored it in 1802, and was crowned here by the Pope in 1804.

And what shall I say of the rest of Paris. Of the library, the largest in the world? The Eiffel tower, the highest structure built by man, nearly twice as high as Washington's monument? Of the Opera House, the largest and finest in the world? Of the church of St. Mary Magdeleine, which Napoleon intended to erect as a Temple of Victory, which cost when complete about \$2,500,000? And the Musee de Luxembourg, where the work of the sculptors is kept for twenty years after their death before it is allowed to go into the Louvre? And the Vendome Column, statue of Napoleon, 142 feet high

molded out of cannon which he captured in his wars? Oh I tell you Paris is a wonder.

Seven miles away is Versailles. I saw the palace of mirrors, where the peace treaty was signed. In the same building where the Kaiser was crowned Emperor of all Germany after they conquered France in 1871, the German delegates had to eat crow, and sign a treaty drawn up by the Allies. And in another room of the same building, was signed the treaty with England in 1783, that recognized the independence of the United States. In this palace Marie Antoinette lived, also other French rulers just and unjust. What marvelous gardens, and fountains that only play once a week. The whole thing, palace, gardens, fountains, sculptoring, took fifty years in the building.

And the French cooking! The same artistic elegance that produced the Louvre and Notre Dame is put also into the biscuits, and rolls, and the coffee, and fried eggs. A French meal is a work of art, served by artists, clean as can be, seasoned to a queen's taste, or better to a Nebraskan's taste. I have had nothing like it on the whole trip. Do you hear me, Paris is a wonder? And the French people are artists, and when I stood with uncovered head at the tomb of Lafayette, I was glad that he had not only made known to us the French fighting spirit, but the fine elegance, and the gentlemanly courtesy which he embodied as a true representative of the finest and best of the French nation. You

can't imagine a man like Lafayette being raised on weenie wursts and sauerkraut!

London, May 24.

No, I did not come on the daily aeroplane that flies between Paris and London. In spite of weather conditions, it makes the trip nearly every day. Only the other day a London fruit dealer advertised in the afternoon, fresh strawberries for sale that had been brought from Paris that morning by aeroplane.

Arriving at Havre, we took a British boat with a sleeper, and the next morning woke up in Southampton. Would you believe it, the passport department, and the customs department had system, and order. None of the wild mad scramble that I have seen at every other customs inspection around the world. The officials were all gentlemen, the porters were gentlemanly and respectful, the railroad conductors were pleasant, and helpful. It seemed like getting among my own folks again to get in quiet, courteous, orderly England.

A fine run of two and a half hours without stop brought us to the metropolis of the world. What a crowd there was, which went flowing out of Waterloo station. We came upon traffic going in all directions, in every conceivable way that a modern city could produce. Taxis, automobiles, great motor buses, street cars on the ground, above the ground, and under the ground. Carriages drawn by one horse, and two horses, with

THE HOME STRETCH

drivers with red breeches and stove pipe hats, trucks, two wheeled carts drawn by large bony horses. The streets were jammed full of this kind of traffic, and one walking found it almost impossible to cross without the aid of a policeman.

I wondered how so much traffic kept on the move without accident, but that wonder was soon satisfied. At every street corner and in the middle of many streets stand the traffic policemen, directing the drivers with the nod of their head, and a crook of their finger. There was no loud yelling, and scolding, and brutal bulldozing, but a quiet brainy direction of traffic, in which the drivers co-operated as well as policemen. Four or five streams of traffic flowed up and down those crowded streets like little rivers, two flowing in each direction, with sometimes one in the middle. Having spent a week in London, and seen the work of these men in Piccadily, the Strand, Trafalgar square, Leicester Square, and the other busy centers, I take off my hat to the London policeman, the real traffic artist of the world.

I went to see St. Paul's, the noted cathedral. It has its great hall and many chapels, but the chief place of interest is in the basement, which is a graveyard where many of the notables of England are buried. Chiefest of these are Lord Nelson, the great naval hero of England, and the Duke of Wellington. The tomb of Nelson is directly under the great dome, hence the place of

prominence. But when they buried the Duke later, so great was his place in the hearts of the English, they took the next most prominent place in the building and put up a much better tomb in his memory.

At the far end of the building was the great bronze funeral car that carried the Duke of Wellington to the church. It is made of cannon captured by him in his wars. He lay in state for about two or three weeks while they were molding this great car. Up in the top the coffin was placed. The huge car was drawn, I think by twelve horses to the church. Perhaps no such funeral has ever been held in all Europe before or since. For Napoleon had struck terror into the hearts of Europe, and the Duke of Wellington was the conqueror of Napoleon, so they idolized the great warrior.

You may remember the little couplet:

The Duke of Wellington had a large
nose,

So large that it scared away all his foes,
Even to the wicked old Bonaparte.

Excuse me, that's triplets, isn't it? Anyway, on top of the tomb is a large bronze, or is it marble statue, of him. I took particular notice of his nose, and it is a beauty, a very large perfect Roman nose. I felt like climbing up and shaking hands with the old boy.

The other men buried here are mostly military heroes also.

THE HOME STRETCH

Up in the dome is the whispering gallery, where a whisper can be heard for one hundred and eight feet across or rather around the dome on the inside. Large paintings in one dome represent Biblical scenes, like St. Paul's conversion, etc. It is well done throughout.

After St. Paul's one turns to the most famous of all English cathedrals, Westminster Abbey. It is the blue ribbon place of them all. It dates back to the seventh century. It has been changed from time to time until the present marvelous structure was completed. I have never seen anything like it.

The inside, and what it stands for is the thing of supreme interest. It also is a burial ground, but mostly on the main floor, and not in the basement as at St. Paul's. Many of the famous statesmen and literary men are buried here. One transept, or wing has what they call the poet's corner. In the floor is a marble slab telling the name and date. Here lie the remains of Chaucer, Spenser, with Browning and Tennyson side by side. Also Samuel Johnson, Lord Macaulay, and Dickens.

In the statesmen's corner are William Pitt, and Charles James Fox, rivals in politics. The couplet in "Marmion" says:

"Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
"Twill trickle to his rival's bier."

Gladstone is also buried here.

These chapels are crowded with all kinds of monuments of famous men. A person may sit in the pew to hear the sermon, and on either side he can see a score of monuments of great men of the past, and under his feet he may be trampling on the mortal remains of kings. Not so bad, is it, to have a king's grave for a foot stool, while you listen, or sleep in church as the case may be?

You are no sooner in the great building and see these graves and monuments, than you begin to ask where the grave of Livingstone is. The rector guide said that more people ask where the grave of Livingstone is, than about that of any other person buried there. In the middle of the large room, is a plain marble slab, telling a few simple facts about the life of the famous missionary and explorer. It must have been a great day, when they brought his body from over the seas, to rest in that world renowned burial place. Not so much pomp and ceremony as when the Duke of Wellington was taken into St. Paul's, but no doubt as wonderful a service as the world ever saw.

You have read in English history about the "Tower." I had always supposed that it was some kind of a high tower where they kept and beheaded prisoners. Imagine my surprise then, when I arrived to find a large high stone wall enclosure, with several buildings inside. All this is called the Tower. In the old days there used to be a moat around it, but now that is removed, and the bottom of the moat is a fine gravel walk.

THE HOME STRETCH

In those days this Tower was a fortress and palace of the kings.

Inside the walls is one tower called the White Tower. This one is where the old kings lodged until the day of their coronation, when they rode in a great procession through the streets to Westminster Abbey, where they were crowned. The kings are still crowned at Westminster, in the old Coronation chair made by Edward I; for the coronation of his son. The chair looks rather seedy, but all the kings have been crowned in it from that day to this.

In the Tower is a room containing the crown jewels of England. I saw the crowns of the king and queen and prince of Wales, all set with diamonds and precious stones. They are enclosed in glass surrounded by an iron railing, which is charged with electricity, so that it is impossible for anyone to steal them. The crown of King Edward, father of the present King George, contains 2818 diamonds, and the crown of King George worn at Delhi, India, where he went to be crowned Emperor of India in 1911, contains emeralds and sapphires and 6170 diamonds.

There is also a gold Anointing spoon, dating back to the 12th century, used for the anointing of the king. It is a huge spoon. The Royal Salt cellar is there also, made of gold and set with precious stones, used at the royal banquet after the coronation. It is some salt cellar, a big thing also set in diamonds, and cost about \$15,000,

made in the 17th century. There is some style when they crown a king in old England!

In an open court is the place where they used to execute their political prisoners. Lord Hastings was executed here 1483, Queen Ann Boleyn also 1536, Queen Katherine fifth, wife of Henry VIII, who established the church of England. Also Lady Jane Grey, 1554. No wonder one of the towers is called the Bloody tower. The history of the tower is almost the history of England itself.

Another place of unusual interest is the British Museum. Here are the relics of many of the ancient places of the world. The great stone horses with heads of men, that were excavated in Assyria. Many Egyptian mummies. A number of the pieces of the Parthenon of Athens. Roman relics of all descriptions. All kinds of antiques, and vases, busts and statues of men, ancient and modern. You can imagine a little of it by the names of the rooms. Roman Gallery, Room of Greek Sculpture, Ephesus room, Nereid room, Phigaleian room, Egyptian Galleries, Assyrian room, Nineveh gallery, Department of Printed books room, where hundreds of very old and valuable manuscripts are kept. It would take a person a full week to see all of the Museum, let alone taking time to carefully study it.

The National Gallery is a close rival to the Louvre. I had an afternoon there, studying the paintings of artists, old and new. I saw the

much talked of "Madonna" by Raphael, which cost the gallery \$350,000. Also the "Duchess of Milan" by Holbein for which they paid \$360,000.

Amidst all this, and a thousand other places of beauty and interest, the people of London live. Many of them know nothing of these wonderful places of culture and refinement. All they know is the race course, the movie, their broad A's and their afternoon tea. On the other hand, thousands visit these places every week, and thus build "more stately mansions" for their souls.

And in the midst of it all, and possibly the center, is the modern prison of the king namely, Buckingham Palace. I could not get away from the feeling that to all intents and purposes the king is a sort of useful prisoner, with certain liberties allowed him. Buckingham Palace is surrounded by a high iron fence, and at every gate, corner, and between gates and corners, are soldiers with their guns, parading up and down.

A policeman told me that the king was to go out at eleven thirty to lay a corner stone for some public building, and if I was there about an hour before hand I might get a good place to stand. I was there. During that hour of waiting, they changed guards. The band marched down from somewhere, into one of the gates that had been opened. Then came the new guard, about twenty of them. They stood for a while before the palace, while the band played, and two officers walked up and down in front as

if to make certain that the King did not get away before the appointed time.

Then an officer took a squad of the new guard, marched them around to where one of the old guard was standing. One man left the ranks and stood at attention beside the old guard. Then the officer picked up an old piece of thick card board and read off in an impossible-to-understand monotonous voice, the instructions printed thereon. The new guard paid no attention to what was being read, and when I winked at him, he winked his off eye, and suddenly discovered that the officer had finished. He gave a quick nod of the head and the squad moved on to the next, where the same process was repeated. After a half hour of such maneuvering, they got the new guard installed for the day.

About eleven fifteen, thirty horsemen, with tall hats, and gaily colored coats, some with red breeches, rode up, and entered the big middle gate of the palace, and disappeared through the opening in the center court. A little later the king's carriage drove from the royal stables in the rear, around to the front, and disappeared through the same opening. The crowd by this time had grown to three or four thousand. The policeman had moved us four different times. One man would tell us where to stand. Later he moved on, other policemen drifted in, and each new set had to show a little authority, so moved the crowd over to some more inconvenient spot. That seemed to be the chief

business of the policemen, to keep the crowd as uncomfortable as possible.

Finally a fellow with a tall hat, red breeches, and a pompous air, took his place just on the outside of the entrance, and stood with his hand at salute. The next moment out came about twenty of the mounted policemen, and following them was the king's carriage, and behind that were ten more mounted policemen. The king's carriage was drawn by four horses, two abreast, with a rider in red breeches on each of the two left hand horses. The carriage contained two seats facing each other. In the rear seat was the king and queen, and in the other Princess Mary. The king wore a stove pipe hat, and lifted it from time to time, but he does not do it nearly so well as does President Wilson. The Queen's hat was rather unbecoming. It looked as if some department store milliner had made her take it against her will, simply because it was the fashion. Princess Mary was rather prim, and a bright looking girl. So these prisoners came forth, at the appointed time, escorted in state, and went down town, and bowed, and did as they were told to do, and then came back and the gates were locked, and they were allowed their peace until the next occasion requires their royal presence.

If you read Roosevelt's letters about the kings of Europe in the March and April Scribner's you will get a good idea of how these men are mere figureheads. He says that no one who has a real ambition to be an indepen-

dent citizen, would want to be a king. But thus it has been in England, and it seems that the Englishman does not object to being taxed to keep up this show of royalty. As long as they like it, and are willing to pay the bills, why should we Americans object?

Selah,
Dad.

On the Atlantic

Today I bid farewell to London and sunny England. Farewell Thames, with your innumerable docks and boats of every kind and description, without doubt the busiest river in the world. Farewell old world, and now my face is turned toward the new. Oh, for the speed of an aeroplane.

We have made great time on the good ship Port Bowen for several days. But yesterday a great storm was raging. Far into the night I could hear the roaring of the wind, and feel the quiver of the ship as the huge waves dashed against it.

We're now in the Gulf Stream. Its flow puts the ship back about thirty miles a day. We have met several large steamers bound for France and England. News has come over the wireless that Harding has been nominated for President. We get wireless reports every day of the baseball games.

THE HOME STRETCH

How slowly we travel! It seems a month since leaving London. Just over the hill is New York and home.

New York is in sight at last. How good it looks even on the far off horizon.

Inspection is over, quarantine is past, and we are approaching the Goddess of Liberty. How wonderful the statue looks. American flags are streaming from the top and the flags of all nations are much in evidence. It is Flag Day—June 14th. About 5,000 school children have crossed over to the statue and are participating in the Flag Day celebration. The cannon are booming out their salutes. What a wonderful welcome home. And here's the sky line. Nothing quite like it anywhere else on the globe. An Englishman wants to know how high the Woolworth Building is. Brother, ask the girl in the first ten cent store. Hudson river, tug boats, the Battery, New York, America, Home! And now for the fastest Pennsylvania train!

New York, June 14th. Telegram—

Hurrah for Uncle Sam and the U. S. A. Just landed safe and sound. Home for dinner tomorrow. Kill the calf. I'm hungry for some home cooking.

DAD.









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